

The

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The Only Paper that Dares to Tell You All The Truth

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Notes of the Week

The Secret of Polichinelle

Who is the man of whom a Nonconformist minister at Leicester wrote in reference to a publication circulated by German agents? "The basest German could not surpass the quotations I have given as a master-piece of anti-British effrontery. You insult this Nation, His Majesty the King, and his Ministers. You unhalo the memory of every British hero. You have no moral right to enjoy liberty and protection under the British flag, or to sleep another night defended by the life-blood of British men."

..

Germany Wriggling Again

We said last week that Germany was wriggling out of her payment of debts, and that she could no more be trusted than at the time of the war. Mr. Neville Chamberlain has now shown us quite plainly that the Reichsbank has released over 16 millions sterling in gambling on depreciated bonds, instead of putting aside about £1,700,000 to meet their liabilities under the Dawes and Young Loans. In other words, Germany can pay if she wishes. The Chancellor is to be congratulated on making a firm stand in his new Debts Clearing Offices Bill, which will have the effect of ear-marking 20 per cent. of all payments made from here to Germany in order to meet the amount payable. Of course the Germans will squeal and probably find it wiser to pay up.

..

The Southern Irish Loyalists Crime

Starvation and victimisation are the fate which many Southern Irish loyalists and ex-service men

are enduring because their sin was to fight on the side of the King and Britain. Such was stated at the annual meeting of the Southern Irish loyalists Relief Association last Monday. Lord Carson wrote that " nothing is done by the British Government to save those whose only crime was that they were loyal to the King," and who were faced with ejectment from their homes and absolute disaster. Lord Salisbury said that distress was growing. What are the Government going to do about these loyalists? Do they propose to sacrifice them like they have the Assyrian loyalists and stand by while they are massacred, as many believe will be the case? We know that De Valera for all too long has put his fingers to his nose at " Jim " Thomas, and loses no possible opportunity to belittle the King. If this sort of feebleness is to continue to be suffered, the only way out for the Government is to bring all the loyalist Southerners out of the hostile Free State and settle them in Ulster or in Great Britain. Will not Conservatives in Parliament make this scandal a real issue?

..

The Petroleum Bill's " Amenities "

Let us suppose you are the owner of an ancient and beautiful country property far from the madding crowd, long distant from industrial eyesores such as coal mines and mountains of slag. It may have been in your family for centuries, and no money would induce you to part with it, short of extreme privation. Then, on one fine day, an inquisitive man pushes his way across your park or your fields, and discovers that deep down below the soil there is oil. Before you are much older you will be suddenly staggered to receive a formal notice that a license has been granted by the Government to Messrs. X, Y & Z, or the Blankety-Blank Oil Syndicate Ltd., to sink a well on your property,

with all the hideous appurtenances thereto, and to produce the crude oil you are unlucky enough to harbour which may be 3,000 feet below the surface. The amenities of your estate are destroyed in the most appalling manner. Well, if the Petroleum (Production) Bill, which has passed its second Reading in the Commons is allowed to stand, this may happen to you before long.

* *

A Monstrous Socialistic Measure

You may say, of course, that painful as it will be to be driven away from the old homestead, with its familiar scenes and many tender memories, you may be willing if you are compensated in proportion. But not a bit of it. True, Mr. Runciman who introduced this extraordinary Bill in the House of Commons, spoke of compensation. "We ought to err rather on the side of generosity than of meanness," he said. The "generosity" is that in compulsory acquiring the land from the owner at its market value an additional allowance of "not less than 10 per cent." should be granted. It means apparently that if you have a property worth, let us say, twenty thousand pounds, and some acres are taken for the oil area, you will be paid for those acres required on a valuation plus 10 per cent., although the rest of the property may, and doubtlessly will, deteriorate in value to an enormous extent, quite apart from the moral loss suffered by the owner. This is quite the most monstrous Socialistic Bill ever produced in the House as yet. No wonder Sir Stafford Cripps and all the Socialists voted solidly for it.

* *

Legalised Robbery

Lord Hartington, who has the technical knowledge and experience of oil production as he has been working a plant in Derbyshire, advanced the strongest reasons against the acceptance of the Bill in anything like its present form, but his amendment to set up a Select Committee, seconded by Mr. Michael Beaumont, was defeated by 251 to 29, *all the Liberals and Socialists swelling the majority*. The objections advanced were that it set up a sinister monopoly, that it would diminish security in ownership of land, react against capital being invested in farming when at any time the land may be seized arbitrarily, and that more important still, it was the wrong policy for the development of oil production. We will all agree that if oil can be found in quantities, it is of great national importance, and that development should be of primary consideration to the State, but in this remarkable Bill, while owners of land will be deprived of compensation, it will benefit not the national finances, but the oil prospectors or licensees who thus acquire the compulsory rights. If this passes, the Socialists will be justified in legislating against the holding of property of any

sort and reducing us all to the level of paupers. It is legalised robbery.

* *

The Unhappy Farmer

Mr. Baldwin having voted for the Petroleum Bill racket, went a few days later to address a Unionist rally near Worcester, and tried hard to make out that the Government had gone a long way to assist the farmer. He seemed to realise that his precious scheme of quotas has not been an unmixed blessing, but he has never explained yet why, to encourage home production of meat, bacon, butter, milk and eggs, he does not put a duty on foreign produce, which would protect the farmer and help to bring in revenue. Alongside him on the platform stood his old friend Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell, First Lord of the Admiralty, who, Mr. Baldwin claimed, would not only swim but sink with him also. His old friend "Bobby" Monsell, however, when it came to his turn to say a few words observed refreshingly that it was about time we looked to our National and Imperial Defences, and spoke in a way which suggested that if he was to sink with Stanley, he did not certainly want to be smashed into pulp by an overhead enemy bomb even if in his distinguished company. Perhaps he would prefer not to sink also. It is up to him in any case.

* *

The Russian Peril

M. Maisky, the Soviet Ambassador, when he addressed the National Peace Congress at Birmingham, gave the show away, talking of peace in terms of war. He confirmed exactly what Lady Houston has been saying for years back that Russia is continually growing a more and more formidable military power, and is the greatest menace of our time. He spoke of the millions of the Soviet Union's sons and the technical preparedness of the Red Army. During the last eight years the Soviet has increased the strength of its fighting forces by about 200 per cent. and has just decided to order four 7,000-ton cruisers and four destroyers.

* *

"Good Will" and the Scuttlers

When the history of the plot to scuttle us out of India comes to be written—we trust not in letters of blood—Sir Austen Chamberlain will scarcely add lustre to a name hitherto rendered illustrious by his great father. He it was in 1917, when the nation was concentrated on the black days of the war, who gave the Indian Government the power to impose duties upon Manchester goods. True, it was only 4 per cent., but it was quickly raised to 25 per cent. and Lancashire's trade ruined by a skilfully organised boycott which the Indian and British Governments did nothing to prevent. Sir Austen at the time called it "good will," just

as Sir Samuel Hoare recently has called on Lancashire—meaning in effect the operatives suffering bitter distress—to surrender all their claims on the ground of “good feeling.” The policy of the scuttlers is to sacrifice everything and everybody for what they call elusively “good will.” Lancashire at last is seeing through the sinister business, and realises that it certainly is not Good Will as far as she is concerned.

**

The Substance for the Shadow

Mr. Winston Churchill at Manchester last Tuesday told the textile manufacturers and operatives exactly how their representatives had been induced to sell the substance for the shadow. The agreement made in India was only with the Bombay millowners, who number barely one-third of the industry, so there is no security in any case. To obtain this “concession,” Lancashire’s representatives had to agree to assist the Indian mill-owners to compete with them in the Empire markets, where they can be undersold owing to the different conditions of living in India. So, for a problematical share of the cotton market in India for two years only, Lancashire opens the door for ever to India in the markets where she yet obtains preference. The half-starved Lancashire mill-hands now they know the truth of how they have been duped are likely to raise a lot of stormy weather. Perhaps anticipation of this exposure caused all the Lancashire M.P.’s to be so conspicuous by their absence at the meeting.

**

The “Hush-Hush” National Union

When Sir Henry Page Croft on Wednesday wished to raise a point of order on the subject of the India White Paper at the meeting of the Central Council of the National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations, Miss Evans, the Chairman, refused to accept anything on the matter because the Council were bound by a resolution passed at the last meeting. When subjects of extreme importance to Conservatives are blocked by tricks of this kind the rank and file of Conservatives should question the value of the National Union as a representative body. It seems to be a mere Hush-Hush sham in the pockets of the Government, to prevent frank discussion.

**

General Weygand

This is the season of the year when many distinguished people come to London, and some have the spotlight full on them—while others have not. One of our most celebrated visitors, General Weygand, who is Inspector-General of the French Army and virtually its Commander-in-Chief, has been extraordinarily successful in evading or escaping any special notice in London. He himself said that he was over here merely to spend a

holiday with some old friends, to whom he had paid previous visits. But the diplomats, we hear, are finding it rather difficult to believe that no military importance is to be attached to his presence in our midst, though this does not mean anything like an official visit, such as, for instance, General Debeney’s in Warsaw. It does, however, seem natural to conclude that Weygand did have some intimate talks with our Army Chiefs on, say, German rearmament or the defences of France.

**

M. Barthou Coming

After the meeting of the Little Entente at Bucarest, where the French Foreign Minister aroused unbounded enthusiasm by his very positive and uncompromising declaration against any territorial revision whatsoever, he passed on to Belgrade, where he received a great welcome. According to the French Press, M. Barthou, while in Bucarest, gave an interview to a Rumanian newspaper, in the course of which he discussed the situation, particularly respecting Franco-British relations and his approaching visit to London. He is represented as saying that he was coming here on the invitation of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, to whom he had sent his “programme,” and to which he expected to find a reply on his return to Paris. All this is extremely interesting, and we should much like to know what it portends. But as the interview finished up with M. Barthou’s statement that “there was a blatant contradiction between Herr Hitler’s words and the actions of Nazi Germany,” we doubt whether M. Barthou’s programme gave Ramsay any very keen satisfaction.

**

Germany’s Internal “Crisis”

A great deal of attention is being directed to what is described as Germany’s serious internal crisis, and there have even been some speculations regarding the probability of the impending fall of Hitler and his regime. That there are rivalries and disputes among some of the subordinate leaders is clear enough, but the possibility that these quarrels are being deliberately exaggerated for a purpose should not lightly be dismissed. While they fill the public eye, much less is being written and published about German rearmament, which goes on night and day without pause—most of all is this true of the increase in Air strength. Last Saturday, after the completion of tours round Germany by the German Air Sport Federation, General Goering, the Reich Air Minister, delivered an address to the competitors, in which he declared that AVIATION PLAYED THE BIGGEST PART IN HITLER’S PLANS, and that Germany was determined to put forward, again and again, her demand for equality of rights, above all in the Air. England, take note! What about those fifty new squadrons?

A Nobler Order

On Monday, the General Assembly of the Grand Priory for the British Realm of the Venerable Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem—to give the Order of St. John its full, sonorous and swelling title—met at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, with the Duke of Connaught as Grand Prior, and marched in procession to attend service in the Priory Church. It was an imposing and memorable sight, but the good work done by the Order is even more imposing and memorable. The annual report dwelt on what had been accomplished in the Ophthalmic Hospital in Jerusalem, in the London clinic, and in the new commandery in Canada. Of its first aid activities at home, it was stated that 470,000 cases and 17,000 motor accidents had been dealt with, and that an enormous number of patients had been carried by the motor ambulances. A fine record! Of which we usually hear very little.

* *

The Menace from the Air

Mr. Wickham Steed and the Editor of the "Nineteenth Century Review" are to be congratulated on their action in publishing extracts from documents the former has recently received from various non-Jewish German channels. They deal with certain secret German experiments designed to ascertain how far the underground railway systems of Paris and London can be infected both by poison gas and disease-carrying bacilli rained down from aeroplanes. The documents are said to emanate from the L.G.A. (Luft-Gas-Angriff or Air Gas Attack), a secret department of the German War Office, and consist of communications between it and sundry German undertakings which are interested in the manufacture of aircraft and in methods of aerial warfare. One of the documents cited refers to the strength of French fortifications on the Western frontier of Germany and the hopelessness of reducing them by infantry or artillery attack and goes on: "Consequently there remains only the most intensive development and extension of the air weapon, in order that air warfare may be waged effectively and ruthlessly against important military and industrial centres and, above all, also against the civilian population of large cities." The documents reveal that careful investigations have been made at Paris and London underground stations both in regard to the air currents and as to the rapidity and extent of the growth of germs on culture plates, the results in the latter case being checked by further experiment in Berlin. Doubtless these revelations will provoke prompt denials in Berlin. But there seems little reason for doubting the genuineness of the documents. They are just the kind of thing one would expect from the new air-minded and war-minded Germany.

From the Horse's Mouth

Winner for six years in succession of the longest race on the Flat: truly a remarkable record of which a horse, one would imagine, would have every reason to feel proud. But not so Brown Jack. He sees nothing extraordinary in such a performance. He's ten years old, of course, and at that age, as he remarked to our Special Commissioner, "one doesn't usually go running races on the Flat. Still what of that? One is just as old as one feels. These young things don't know what running means; a mile or so is just about their limit. That's the Classical style, no doubt, and you can't expect an old horse, who was bought for a modest £15 and did a little jumping to start with, to compete in those silly hurry-scurry races which are all over before you know you have started. But make it anything over a couple of miles, preferably over two miles and a half, and I'd stake my bottom dollar I'd beat the lot."

"Talking of putting up a tablet to my memory are they? What rot! I'm not done with yet, by a long chalk. Why not let me have a shot at a seventh victory? Not that I care a brass farthing if I run another race or not. But if they are going to put up a tablet to me, just see that the names of old Steve and Mail Fist are on it, too. Otherwise I won't have anything to do with it. Without them I shouldn't have run or won. And I stand by my pals."

* *

Well played—Yorkshire

Jupiter Pluvius, Sol, Yorkshire and Kent all had their share in England's smashing victory over Australia at Lord's, but the chief honours must go to Yorkshire, for it was Leyland who first made possible the piling up of England's 440 runs and it was Verity who was responsible for skittling the Australians out, taking 15 wickets for 104 runs as against what another Yorkshireman, Rhodes, accomplished in a Melbourne Test Match in 1904, 15 wickets for 124. Of course, old Sol and Jupiter Pluvius helped a great deal in bringing about the astonishing result of an innings defeat for Australia by giving Verity just the kind of wicket he prefers for his deadly break and "kick" to the ball, but without Verity to take advantage of the surface conditions things might have been very different. One can hardly expect that the weather will again assist the English side like this and indeed it would hardly be "cricket" to hope for such continued favour from the elements. But one may at least hope that this signal victory for the English side is a sign of our ability to give a good account of ourselves—even when we are forced by diplomatic reasons to deprive ourselves of the services of both our best fast bowler and the captain who led our side so victoriously in last year's Tests.

Ascot Freaks

By LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

WHEN our forefathers wished to be facetious to purveyors of stale news they used to say—"Queen Anne's dead." But Queen Anne must live for ever in our memory as a Queen of good taste, for it was she who planned the stately beauties of Ascot Race Course—marred this year by the hideous fashions favoured by women race goers. We hope, therefore, that the ridicule of the Press against these grotesque caricatures will teach them that if they wish to be considered smart—and that is what every woman in her heart believes herself to be—it is not by extravagant exaggerated freakishness that they can attain this object. The smart woman must look nice—the smart woman, above all, must be neat and becomingly and suitably dressed for all occasions, but the most perfervid admirer of modern clothes must admit that smartness was conspicuous by its absence, at Ascot this year.

Her Majesty Queen Mary is a model of good taste in dress, and is always smart, chic and elegant—her attire is chosen with discrimination and with a due regard to suitability for the occasion, and that is the secret of being well dressed.

Everyone's sympathy went out to the poor wretched men who had to accompany these frights, who posing as ladies of fashion, only succeeded in being figures of fun.

Two hideous enormous hats that had blown off their wearers heads, were actually seen careering up and down the race course, so no wonder all the favourites struck—and refused to win a race!

One can imagine them whispering to each other—"we famous thoroughbreds must really draw the line somewhere—we cannot be expected to engage in obstacle races, chasing women's hats—we leave that to outsiders."

So now you know why backers of Hyperion and Colombo were left lamenting.

Another case of *cherchez la femme*!—

The Honest Man

Dangerous First Impressions

By the Saturday Reviewer

"VERY slack to-day," said St. Peter. "The world does not seem to grow any the more holy. Ah, here's someone at last."

"Honest by the look of him," said his Clerk, plucking a feather out of his wing, and dipping it into the golden ink pot.

"You never know," said St. Peter musingly. "Who is he anyway?"

The Herald Angel shouted a name.

"Under S. or B.?" said the Clerk, running over his ledger. "Wait a bit, here we have it, 'S—B—, politician.'"

"Odd," said St. Peter, "I don't seem to remember any of his profession."

"S—B— politician," the clerk went on, "reputed honest."

"Is that all there is about him?" said St. Peter adjusting his halo.

"That's all," said the Clerk, "shall we pass him on his reputation?"

"Dangerous," said Peter, "No smoking here, Sir," he proceeded, looking severely at the new-comer.

"The pipe seems to make a difference," whispered the Clerk, "better examine him a bit."

"Very well," said the Door-keeper, looking over the great key which lay like a mace in front of him on the table. "You are a politician, Sir?"

"A very poor one," returned the plaintiff, as if he took a certain pride in his humility.

"Is that to be accounted to the credit side?" asked the Clerk.

"Wait a bit," said Peter. "Why do you call yourself a poor politician?"

"Because I was an honest man," said the applicant complacently.

"Not so modest after all," said the Clerk making two entries in his book—"Credit, Honesty; debit, Vanity."

"In what did your honesty consist?" the examiner continued.

"I suppose in always seeing the other side," the Soul replied.

"Then why were you not on the other side?" asked St. Peter.

"I never thought of that," replied the Soul.
 "But you thought your own side was wrong?"
 "Not always, but very often."
 "Usually?"
 "Well they nearly always disagreed with me."
 "You mean in public?"
 "In public most of them did not dare, as I was their leader; but in private they mostly disagreed with me."
 "Ah," said St. Peter, leaning back in his chair, and looking up at two cherubim which were flying in circles just below the ceiling, "so you count that as a virtue?"
 "When they were wrong."
 "And they were usually wrong?"
 "When they disagreed with me, I naturally thought them wrong," the plaintiff replied.
 "And that was nearly always?"
 "Usually."
 "Now, Sir," said St. Peter, looking at the Soul over his glasses, "how were you made leader?"
 "I was elected," said the applicant.
 "Ah, you were elected. And did you tell the people who elected you before you were elected that you disagreed with them?"
 "Of course not?"
 "But why?"
 "Well, I suppose, because they would not have elected me?"
 "If they had known that you disagreed with them, they would not have elected you? Is that what you say?"
 "Exactly."
 "But was that honest?"
 "I thought it so?" said S. B. looking for the first time a little doubtful.
 "On what side of the ledger shall I enter it?" asked the Clerk.
 "I am afraid that will have to go on the debit side," said St. Peter.
 "The questions on which we disagreed had not then arisen," said the Plaintiff, shifting his ground a little.
 "Ah," said St. Peter, "but did you disagree with them in the way you looked at things generally?"
 "I was more progressive," said the Plaintiff proudly; "they were more reactionary."
 "I do not know these words," said the Clerk with a puzzled expression.
 "They may mean anything or nothing," said St. Peter. "In our Christian morals they do not exist."
 "Then I was misinformed by the Archbishop of Canterbury," said the Soul.
 "No matter," said St. Peter.
 "And by the Archbishop of York," the Soul continued.
 "Still less," said St. Peter.
 "Oh but," . . . the Plaintiff expostulated.
 "I tell you," said St. Peter severely, "that whether you were Progressive or Reactionary down there makes no difference up here. And as for the Archbishops, pray remember that we do not take hearsay evidence."
 The Applicant shifted his feet uneasily, and

moistened his lips with his tongue. "Anyway," he pleaded, "the differences developed later."

"When, of course," said St. Peter, "being an honest man, you at once called your Party together, and informed them of the fact."

"No, I did not do that?"

"And why may I ask?" said St. Peter.

"Oh well, because I was their leader."

"But your power to lead depended on their willingness to follow, did it not?"

"They had to follow," said the Plaintiff, with an expression almost of slyness, "whether they liked it or not?"

"Was that exactly, honest?" asked St. Peter, looking hard at the ghost, while the Clerk made an entry in the book.

"I was in the right on the point of difference."

"That is not really the question," said St. Peter. "Had they reason to think you were going one way when they chose you?"

"I suppose they had," said the applicant.

"And you went the other way?"

"I did, but I was right," said the Soul.

"But you used the power which they gave you without their permission."

"I was their leader."

"They gave you their trust under a false impression?"

"It was in a good cause," said the Plaintiff obstinately.

"What was the cause?"

"The democratisation of India," said the Plaintiff proudly.

"We have two codes," St. Peter explained, "civil and criminal, the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount; we do not find democracy in either."

"It is Progressive," said the Plaintiff.

"We deal simply in those cardinal virtues which are Eternal, and we are therefore examining you on questions of Trust, Truth and Honesty. Had you any right to presume that your Party would favour this policy?"

"I was their leader."

"I find you disappointingly evasive," said St. Peter.

"Well then, No," said the Soul in a defiant manner.

"Then did you put the case before them?"

"I did not."

"You sprang it upon them?" "Yes."

"And committed them without their permission?"

"You may call it so."

"Although they had elected you on another presumption?" "Naturally."

"They gave you the power?" "Yes."

"Believing you were of their opinion?"

"Yes."

"And you used that power?"

"Of course."

"Against that opinion?" "I did."

"Was that to be honest with them?"

The Applicant hung his head.

"You see," said St. Peter to his Clerk, "how dangerous they are, those first impressions."

As Leaves Us At Present : BY HAMADRYAD

Being a confidential epistle in which an Acting Prime Minister wishes God-speed to his chief.

Dear Ramsay Mac., when you get this note
You'll be safe on the deck of an outbound boat,
With Ishbel handy to see that you get
The rest that you somehow have not had yet,
In spite of your wanderings hither and yon,
And those visits of State that you're always on.

I know there are unkind folk who declare
That this sudden need for a change of air
Is a scheme to scupper the Tory host
Who think its high time that they ruled the roast,
And to foster the plans of the few but hearty
Fellows who pine for a National Party.

Of course I need hardly say that we,
Your Cabinet colleagues, all agree
That that is a perfectly monstrous notion.
We know that a trip on the briny ocean
Is the one thing needed to keep robust
A Prime Minister nobody seems to trust.

So don't be afraid, as you pace the poop,
Lest people should think that you've flown the
coop,

But say to yourself as you cleave the blue,
"Sticktight Stanley will see me through,"
And think as you hark to the engine's throb,
"Its a blessing that Baldwin has got my job.
For his mien is suave and his speech is fair,
And nothing will happen while he is there,
For he's much too honest to feel the itch
To be crabbing his friend, the Prime Minister's
pitch."

All the same, Ramsay, I'm bound to say
That there may be trouble while you're away,
That while you're enjoying your long vacation,
Some snags may arise in the situation.
Take for example this fellow Critchley;
We cramped his style but he romped home richly,
And everyone's saying the lesson of Twickenham
Is, Tories will vote, though our policies sicken 'em,
For candidates sworn to oppose the White Paper,
And cut short our noble disarmament caper.
Of course, when the fellow is once inside
The House, he wont open his mouth so wide,
But the fact remains that we can't win seats
With the sort of Tory who merely bleats
The pale pink surrender-cum-pacifist brand
Of dope for which you and John Simon stand.

So don't be surprised, dear Ramsay Mac.,
If you find things booming when you come back,
With "Britain first!" as the Tory cry,
And Neville wiping the German eye,
With large sums spent upon Air defence
And Disarmament voted a lack of sense,
With an Indian Policy shorn of defects
And a brand of Protection that really protects.
With the Tories come into their own, in brief,
And me (don't laugh), as the Tory-in-Chief.
In fact—and that's why I'm writing this letter—
My Party thinks it would be much better,
As long as it's fighting with back to the wall,
If you made up your mind not to come back at all.

Whither ?

Break Away from the Yellow Streak

By KIM

THE triumphant victory of General Critchley at Twickenham, provides another very significant object lesson to the present Government, and also to the world at large. It proves that there is an overwhelming majority in favour of a strong pro-British policy, in absolute opposition to the semi-Socialism, scuttles, abdication, and disarmament passion, which form the main stock in trade of the Government masquerading under the name of "National." It proves also, if it were needed, that the policy advocated week in and week out in *The Saturday Review*, is in sympathy with the outlook of the vast bulk of the decent British public.

General Critchley, in a straight fight with a Socialist, obtained 25,395 votes, giving him a majority of 5,505, the biggest Conservative poll in history of the Constituency, except for the unusual circumstances in the 1931 General Election. He stood determinedly for no surrender in India and for increased strength in the Navy, Army and Air Force. His attitude was so uncompromising that the Unionist Central Office suffered severe qualms and tried to get him on the fence or incur their displeasure. All the Pacifists were united in attacking him, led by Mr. Henderson, who in his position at Geneva ought not to shove in his oar as a party politician. The large new working class or small villa residents at Teddington were expected to give the Socialist another 3,000 votes, but the big Conservative poll swept aside all the forces of disintegration. Bravo Critchley!

At the Crossways

After the experience of overwhelming victories where the candidates have been genuinely pro-British, like Sir Roger Keyes, Sir Arnold Wilson, and now General Critchley, and where in other by-elections the "National" candidate with a wobbling policy has suffered disaster or certainly greatly reduced majorities, it is clear as daylight that the rank and file of genuine Conservative electors like the "National" Government less and less, and the return of a man like Critchley represents no victory for the leadership of Messrs. Ramsay MacDonald and Baldwin, but is in effect a vote of censure on them.

Just at this moment it seems appropriate to pause at the crossways and ask ourselves whither the present Government are drifting, whether, also, it is yet within the possibilities that they can be induced to take the right road, with such warnings as Twickenham before them? It is the more appropriate moment perhaps because the Prime Minister has had a recurrence of his eye trouble and apparently is rendered *hors de combat* for some months. Regrettable as this may be, the world cannot mark time because of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's indisposition, and as we are getting towards the close of the Parliamentary Session so

far as active measures are concerned, no time should be lost.

The main political problems which now confront Mr. Baldwin are the question of India and the conclusions of the Select Joint Committee; the decision in regard to the Disarmament Conference, and how much longer the nation is to be left in a state of unpreparedness for War; the action to be taken without delay to build up our Air Defences, so that we are at least equal to the strongest Air Power; consideration of next year's Naval Conference, and what proposals are to be made to protect our far-flung dominions in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

Our Weakness and World Unrest

To mention these matters is sufficient to reveal the gargantuan monsters which the utter inability of a Government formed in 1931 of composite elements pulling in various directions, have raised. They are problems with repercussions spreading far beyond our own Islands or even the Empire. They are of moment to the world. These questions, or some of them, are directly responsible for the lack of world confidence, and accordingly, of world recovery. It is true that our trade is improving from the chaotic condition left by extravagant Governments, plus a policy of Free Trade, but that the outlook is set fair is quite another matter. There is still the vast unemployment problem, and we are continuing to import huge quantities of foodstuffs and manufactured goods which a wise and far-seeing Government would have taken steps to counteract long ago. Visitors may come from abroad to see how it is we have relatively recovered, an ancient custom much as the Queen of Sheba visited Solomon to learn the secret of his wealth, but a lot of this boasted recovery is illusory as those who really feel the pulse of big business are well aware.

The problem, however, strikes deeper than the improvement temporarily of conditions in this country. The various States of Europe are restless and unsettled, mainly because none of them dare trust the other, and the former strong right arm of Britain has apparently been removed from the scene. At least no one knows whether we will stand by our commitments or not, and since we are in so lamentable a state of military unpreparedness in an epoch when a war and the entire liberty of a nation may be won or lost inside of a few hours, our material assistance is of no particular value in any case. Who can wonder that Europe is in a turmoil, when the British Lion has had all his teeth and claws drawn by our Pacifists?

Beyond Europe, in Asia, the problem is the same. If Great Britain has not surrendered her Imperial Crown in India the entire Orient is anticipating it and not the least Russia, who can always scratch us with impunity. Who can blame

the Turks and Persians if they sink their age-old hatreds and combine with the intention of robbing us of our Persian Oilfields? We have feebly given self-government to Ceylon, which country reciprocates by practically killing our trade with her, and whilst any intelligent Oriental would appreciate the action of a British Government which withdrew the concessions in view of the hostility of the Cingalese, what he cannot appreciate is that Britain is a country entitled to any respect when she takes such things lying down.

Again, in their determination to surrender India to the sedition-mongers, and inspired by the hopeless precept of turning the other cheek to the smiter, Sir Samuel Hoare and all the rest of the "National" Ministers are quite prepared to see all our industries in India, and all our cotton and textiles trades collapse in absolute ruin, sooner than not fulfil some alleged "pledge" given by knock-kneed Viceroys without any authority of the British nation. Mr. Winston Churchill has to go to Lancashire to endeavour to rouse the Lancashire industrial workers and employers to a sense of the peril that confronts them. He, and a certain number of genuine Conservatives, are alone fighting to prevent a catastrophe. Yet, we may well ask what right has any British Government to drive its nationals to ruin and starvation and to jeopardise hundreds of millions

of pounds of British capital invested on the strength of confidence in the British Raj, in order to attempt to placate a few thousand Hindoo seditionists, whose proper fate would be settled by machine guns and airplane bombers? I say none.

My contention is that the world is unsettled from end to end by the flabby cowardice and pusillanimity of a Government which to-day, still labelling itself "National," is really Socialist through and through as the Petroleum Bill, now being engineered in the House of Commons, proves up to the hilt. It has all the characteristics of the brand of British Socialism which is bringing this great country to its knees. It grovels to its enemies, produces class legislation, leaves the nation unprotected and is pacifist towards every foreigner, whilst tyrannical to its own kith and kin.

Once, legend tells, a great whisper and wail went round the world. It said, "The Great God Pan is dead." The earth shook with horror and apprehension. The cry goes forth to-day. "Britain has Abdicated," and the world totters. Yet . . . General Critchley proves that the hearts of Britons are sound. What we want to see is a meeting of all the real Conservatives in Parliament who will combine on a bold pro-British programme, and then break away for good and all from the men with the yellow streak who have fooled the nation.

Diamond Jubilee of Lawn-Tennis

By Oliver Andrew Grey

HOW many lawn-tennis players know that this summer their game is celebrating its diamond-jubilee? It was on the 23rd February, 1874, that Major Wingfield deposited specifications for a patent of his "new and improved portable court for playing the ancient game of tennis." The principal of his invention was the erection of a net twenty-one feet long with triangular nets set at right angles to it, so as to form a court which, in addition, was to be marked on the ground with "paint or coloured tape." Its object was to enable people to play on almost any lawn, a game resembling "real" tennis. That had existed since the thirteenth century, but, as now, was available only to a very few in specially-made and extremely expensive buildings.

Actually he was not, by nearly forty years, the first person to design a tennis-court for out-of-doors. A future Bishop of Bath and Wells, who as Lord Arthur Hervey had been "real" tennis-champion at Cambridge from 1829 to 1831, on coming down from the University, set up a court on the lawn of his Suffolk rectory. That, however, was purely for family use. It was only when Major Wingfield began to market his patent in the summer of 1874, that tennis on a lawn became possible for the general public. Sphairistike was

the first name he gave the game; but even that could not damage its appeal. Under the more friendly nickname of "Sticky" it spread like wildfire.

Croquet, introduced some years earlier, had given young ladies a taste for manly sports. They were quick to grasp the further emancipation promised by a newer and more vigorous game. On the lawns of every country-house and most provincial clubs, croquet-hoops and archery-targets gave way to sticky-nets. Soon throughout Britain enthusiasts of both sexes were patting merrily with convex racquets at uncovered rubber-balls. By 1875, the craze's very success was occasioning confusion. Wisely, Major Wingfield saw that to have the status of a national game, it must be under expert and recognised control. He appealed to the M.C.C. A "Tennis Sub-Committee" of that body was set up. New rules were drafted. A championship was played on the All England Croquet Club's ground at Wimbledon, which ever since has been the headquarters of the game.

Flannel-covered balls in 1875; asphalt-courts in 1881; and the disappearance of curved racquets in about 1885 were further milestones in the progress of what has become the most widely popular game in history.

"Arm! Arm, Ye Brave!"

Britain's Immediate Duty

By Col. Sir Thomas Polson, K.B.E., C.M.G.

THAT greatest, God-fearing, peace-loving soldier of recent years, the late Lord Roberts, devoted a great deal of his time, in the years immediately preceding the war, to an intensive effort to arouse his fellow countrymen to the danger of ignoring the signs and portents of the military preparations, which Germany had for so long been making, to achieve by force of arms the world domination which the then Emperor fondly imagined to be within his grasp. Both verbally and in writing, Lord Roberts warned us to "be prepared" while there was yet time, and there can be no doubt that, had his warnings been acted upon, the fact that Britain *was prepared* would probably have deterred even the megalomaniac of Potsdam from embarking on so hazardous an adventure.

A Potent Weapon

Alas! it was not to be. No more heed was paid to the great soldier's admonitions by our fiddling Neros of the time than is being paid to-day by their successors to the warnings they are receiving, that, in the event of our armed Forces being called upon to defend us, they are utterly unprepared for the purpose.

The newspapers, and especially the *Saturday Review*, have for some time past persistently stressed the inadequacy of our Air Force to combat an attack of any one of the foreign powers within easy flight of our cities, let alone a combination of two or more of them, but I regard it as of no less importance—indeed, in some respects, as of even greater importance—immediately to restore the Navy to its old dominant position, so that we may be able, not only in our own interests, but in the interests of the peace of the world and of mankind at large, to regain our heritage as mistress of the seas, and to sing "RULE BRITANNIA" once again with the same justification, fervour, and conviction as of yore.

It is far from generally realised how potent a weapon a great navy is, and must ever remain, both in time of war and for the prevention of war, but two sentences from the recently published *Memoirs of Mr. Lloyd George* should provide even the Government with food for thought. "To quote a contemporary report submitted to the War Cabinet," he says, "the whole cause of the Allies depended upon the maintenance of sea power." And again, "As long as Britain kept her rule over the waves neither she nor her allies could be beaten by any shortage of food, or essential material for waging war."

"An Army," to quote the famous Napoleonic dictum, "marches on its stomach," and a great British Navy would be by far the greatest preventive of the outbreak of war, simply because no country is so situated that it can maintain its

essential supplies of food and of the munitions of war without the consent of those who rule the seas. Given a strong Navy and a decided voice, England alone could ensure the peace of the world.

For centuries, England's greatness has rested upon her prowess at sea. Indeed, only through sea power could a small island achieve an Empire which might well dominate the earth, for one of the most striking features of sea power is the way in which it increases the relative fighting efficiency of low man power. During the last war the British Navy was the most effective single military instrument on either side; yet in its number of combatants it was smaller than the armies of most of the Balkan powers.

To dominate through naval supremacy, therefore, is to dominate at least cost in lives, in suffering, and in all the characteristic horrors of trench and chemical warfare, but, far from such thoughts engrossing us, we are mainly content to listen to the false prophets who, in the words of Ezekiel, "have seduced my people, saying, Peace, and there is no peace." Between amateur internationalists and the persons who have been inflicted on us in the political sphere of recent years, we have lost, not only all sense of proportion but even all sense of preservation. The shipping which is our very life's blood, and the Navy which alone can ensure our existence, are alike whittled, starved, and left to utter decay.

Security for the Nation

Away with the anaemic chatter of naval parity! No other country has our rights, our necessity, or our reputation, for the British Navy is the *proved* police force of the world. It was, for instance, the British Navy which carried out the provisions of the Treaty of Vienna, and the British Navy which searched all ships suspect of slave trading; yet, during all the years of our unquestioned naval supremacy, from the battle of Trafalgar in 1805 to the declaration of war in 1914, to our everlasting honour, no coalition was formed against us as a result of the misuse of our power.

It is our immediate duty, for the sake of the world as well as for the security of the Nation, to build ships and to man them. From the maintenance of our own food supply to the imposition of world peace, all our most vital problems centre round the oldest of our Services, and it is the one sign of grace in this year that the public is at last beginning to awaken to its state.

For when we consider the present plight of our Navy, and of our shipping generally, we may well echo the words of Mr. G. K. Chesterton,

"And they that rule in England
In stately conclave met,
Alas, alas for England,
They have no graves as yet."

Fire-Raising in India

The Follies of Self-Government

[From an Indian Correspondent]

WITH 400,000,000 democratised Chinese living under anarchical conditions, with 160,000,000 disarmed Russians enslaved by the armed caste of Bolsheviks, with democracy almost everywhere discredited, our (Inter) National Government has decided not only to solder the slightly democratised Provinces of British India on to the 652 despotically governed Native States (or on to such of them as are desirous of being federated) but also heavily to democratise Bengal, Bombay and the other nine Provinces of British India. How Mussolini must be laughing at Mr. Baldwin for associating himself with the fire-raisers of Socialism!

The population of India is roughly 350,000,000, about half of whom are cruelly or contemptuously treated women. The majority of the 175,000,000 men are Hindus; the remainder are mostly Mahomedans. Among the caste-riddled Hindus are millions with whom the other Hindus will not voluntarily come into physical contact. Unlike the Japanese (the only large body of Orientals on whom the blessings—and curses—of democracy have been bestowed), the Indians do not belong to one race, nor do they speak a single language. While the highly educated and unexcitable Japanese for nearly half a century have been living under a Constitution modelled on European lines, the excitable natives of British India, ninety per cent. of whom are illiterates, have only since the Morley-Minto Reforms of 1909 had any serious experience of self-government. In his excellent Memorandum, an ex-Judge of the High Court of the Punjab and one of the witnesses before the White Paper Committee, Mr. Justice le Rossignol, thrust the truth in front of dreamers and schemers at Westminster.

The White Paper (he said) sacrifices the welfare of millions of poor men to placate a voluble urban minority. . . . It also ignores the rights of the British in India. . . . Though the British arrived there some time after the Bengalis, Madrasis, etc., they have done far more for India than any of their predecessors. The entity "India" is not an Indian but a purely British product; without the British cement India as one whole cannot subsist. . . . India is a country of poor men requiring a cheap and simple government; it cannot afford democracy, which is notoriously expensive and wasteful.

Lord Winterton and other "Yes-Men" may not agree with Mr. Justice le Rossignol, but the Joint Committee of both Houses of Parliament, most of whose members are ardent supporters of the "MacDonaldwin" policy, would be well advised to reject the incredibly complicated "Proposals for Indian Constitutional Reform" which are contained in the White Paper. That such proposals, if embodied in an Act of Parliament, and put into practice, will inevitably reduce the 350,000,000 Indians to an even worse position than

that of the miserable Chinese and, at the same time, ruin our trade with and render our securities and businesses in India valueless, may be taken for granted. The contemplated increased Indianisation of the Indian army and civil services is in the nature of things bound to lead to chaotic barbarism, and perhaps in some not distant future, to "scientific blackguards," as Professor Santayana would call them, ruling, à la Trotsky, the peoples of India.

Less than twelve years ago even Mr. Lloyd George, who permitted the Jews, Mr. Edwin Montagu and Lord Reading to begin the surrender of India, was shocked at the idea of our abandoning India to the Indians. Speaking in the House of Commons on August 2nd, 1922, he said:—

"If we (the British) were to withdraw (from India), it would be one of the greatest betrayals in the history of any country. . . . Whatever their (Indians') success as Parliamentarians or as administrators, I can see no period when they can dispense with the guidance and assistance of British Civil Servants. . . . They (British Civil Servants) are the steel frame of the whole structure. . . . If you take the steel frame out, the fabric would collapse." (Our Italics.)

Since Mr. Lloyd George spoke those wise words there have been ample opportunities of ascertaining whether or no Indians have been successful as "Parliamentarians and administrators." The Indian Parliamentarians have shown little or no capacity for rising above the very low standard of Southern Irish Parliamentarians, and, as administrators, Indians have in most cases lamentably failed. In 1921 (see the Duchess of Atholl's "The Main Facts of the Indian Problem, 3d."), various departments, e.g., Health, Education, Agriculture, Local Government, Fisheries, Excise, Development of Industries, and Public Works, began to be "administered by Indian ministers dependent on the votes of provincial councils almost wholly elected." The results, as the Duchess, who is not a member of the Indian Empire Society or of the India Defence League, points out in another pamphlet, "The Transferred Departments" (2d.), have been most alarming. Thus the transfer of Health departments to Indian Ministers has led to the grossest abuses.

With such evidence before them of the effects produced by transferring Departments to Indian Ministers, it might have been supposed that the White Paper Committee would have consulted, examined and cross-examined expert heads or retired expert heads of every Department transferred to Indian Ministers since 1921 and, also, of all the other Departments marked down in the White Paper to be so transferred. In the House of Commons, on November 22nd last, the Duchess

of Atholl urged that such experts should be consulted with a view to discovering whether the delegation of powers already made to Indian Ministers had enured, or was likely to enure, for the benefit of the Indians and the Empire. She reminded the House that up till then, out of forty-eight days on which the Committee had sat, only half a day had been devoted to this all-important matter.

The answer of the Under-Secretary of State for India was characteristic. "I would only reply," he said, "that that very valuable half-day . . . was not the only occasion on which the transferred subjects were referred (*sic*) to by (*sic*) the Committee; that questions had been put to the "right hon. gentleman," presumably Sir Samuel Hoare, "on the subject"; that Sir Michael O'Dwyer (who left India before any Departments were transferred) was "thoroughly versed in this subject" and had been "heard at great length" and

finally that the Committee had considered the Report of the Simon Commission which, he was convinced, "heard enough evidence to enable them to make up their minds whether it was safe to recommend a further transfer [of departments] at present."

It will be perceived that Mr. Butler virtually admitted that the White Paper Committee had consulted few, if any, expert heads or ex-heads of departments transferred or to be transferred to Indian Ministers.

In these circumstances it is monstrous that the plan, even if drastically modified, of our (Inter) National Government for the (Mis) Government of India should be forced by Mr. Baldwin on Conservatives. He is not asking Conservatives to jump on a 'bus, but to embark on a raft shooting Niagara!

Air Defenders

To-day's R.A.F. Display

By Oliver Stewart

A GREAT deal more is talked about our air defence than about our air defenders and it is meet at this moment, when the Royal Air Force Display is being held at Hendon Aerodrome, to turn from the aeroplanes to the people who control them and to notice how they do their work. In this respect the Display itself is not very helpful, because it is certainly the most impersonal event ever devised. The spectators watch machines and not men; the most they see of the pilots is when the sun glints on a pair of goggles as a machine rushes past one of the enclosures.

It is against all the theories of the higher command of the Air Force, but I like to think of those pilots as artists in aviation; as individuals rather than as units of a huge team. It is true that there are to-day fewer different styles of flying than there used to be and that technique tends to conform to a single standard of quality; but there is still room for the pilot of outstanding ability to introduce a new aerial manoeuvre or to leave his mark by devising a new way of doing an old one.

Intense Keenness

When a squadron of nine aeroplanes circles the aerodrome on a turn which is made as if the nine machines were one, the whole formation banked with the inside machine lowest and the outside highest, it is worth thinking of the men in those nine machines, of the patient work and critical judgment they have brought to the perfection of this apparently simple manoeuvre. Flying faults which would be unnoticed to the lay observer are seized upon and eliminated during the hours of rehearsal. Each man strives intently to attain to a perfection of visual judgment and to set his own aeroplane in that group of nine at the right distance from the next one to within an inch and to

keep it there as if it were fixed on an iron frame.

Those who visit, as I have had the pleasure of doing this year, the R.A.F. Messes during the period of Display rehearsals, must be impressed by the intense keenness of officers and men. Perfection is their aim; to put before the British public to-day at Hendon, an example of service flying superior to anything that can be found in any other part of the world. They work to that end exactly as artists work, whatever their medium. That is they practice incessantly; they alter and modify; they subject their efforts to the keenest critical judgment; they destroy all they have done and start again from the beginning; they work and work and work until they have attained the best that can be attained in the time available.

They know that they have not attained perfection and in that they again resemble the artist. I doubt if there is a single pilot taking part in to-day's Display who is satisfied with his work. He knows how he could have made this turn or that loop or this landing or that take-off, slightly better and he vows that "next time" it will be better.

In all other exhibitions of art whatever, whether of paintings, of works of sculpture, of musical compositions, of acting or of literature, there may be a suspicion that some of the artists have given of their second best; that some of them, for one reason or another, have exhibited work upon which they could improve or which they themselves dislike but feel is likely to be commercially successful. No such secondary considerations influence the Air Force pilots when they exhibit examples of their art at Hendon.

Essential Part of Policy

In a way I am sorry that the Royal Air Force has become so impersonal; There was a time when

the pilots who played leading parts in the Display were known by name to the lay public; but it is not so to-day. To-day it is "No. so-and-so Squadron," or "Instructors of the Central Flying School" and, although the names of the pilots appear on the programme, they evoke no memories in the minds of the lay public. The reason is that the Air Staff regard it as an essential part of their policy that every pilot is equal to every other pilot of equivalent rank. For specific feats of piloting which good fortune throws in his way, such as the winning of the Schneider Trophy race, a pilot may be awarded the Air Force Cross, a ribbon with the stripes of red and white running diagonally, but apart from decorations, there is no grading.

So the pilots who perform at Hendon change every year. The one who showed such skill with a fast single-seater fighter last year may be stationed in Egypt or on the North West Frontier this year. Wherever he is he will be submerged in the anonymity of the service.

I have said that a great deal is talked about air defence. A great deal is also talked about the aeroplanes and engines which are used for air defence. But the real basis of air defence is the men who form the designing and constructing staffs of the aeroplane and engine manufacturers and the men who form the personnel of the Royal Air Force.

Pacifists contend that the Display is an incentive to militarism. It may be so to those who refuse or are incapable of looking below the surface and whose enjoyment at Hendon is confined to the noisy and somewhat childish pantomime of the set piece at the end; but for those who are primarily interested in the aeroplanes and engines and in the men who make and control them, the Display has a profounder significance. For them it is a display of national characteristics and national aeronautical aptitude, things which are wrapped up with the problems of national security.

Pilots of the R.A.F.

Members of a Fine Team

THE tendency of the Royal Air Force is to submerge the individual in the team and, as is remarked elsewhere, it is impossible for the lay public who watch the Display at Hendon to-day, to be familiar with the qualifications and histories of the men who are flying so skilfully for their entertainment and instruction. The names are on the programmes and that is all. It is possible, however, to give some faint idea of the types of men now serving in the R.A.F. by selecting a few of those who will be playing leading parts in the Display and by glancing quickly at their records.

The twin engined Boulton and Paul "Overstrand" which, early in the programme, will put up so gallant a fight against three single-seater fighters, is to be flown by Flight Lieut. R. V. M. Odbert of the Aeroplane and Armament Experimental Establishment at Martlesham Heath. This Establishment is the place where all aeroplanes intended for the service are tested and the pilots stationed there are usually not only highly skilled at the actual flying, they are also competent critics of aircraft and aero-engines.

In the Air Drill, which is done by four squadrons, two regular and two Auxiliary Air Force, one of the Auxiliary Air Force Squadrons, equipped with Hawker "Hart" aeroplanes, will be led by a man who has made a name in British civil aviation by creating the most efficient civil airport in the country, at Heston. He is Squadron Leader H. N. St. V. Norman, and he is not only a member of the A.A.F., but also a private aeroplane owner of long standing and one of the greatest authorities upon civil airports.

The Autogiro, which does one of the few individual turns, is being flown by Flying Officer

R. A. C. Brie of the R.A.F. Reserve, better known as Mr. Brie, chief test pilot to the Autogiro company, and the most skilful exponent of this type of machine living.

Among the big thrills of the Display will be the low flying attack upon a ground target by No. 17 (Fighter) Squadron. This squadron will be led by Squadron Leader F. J. Vincent, a Devonshire man who joined the Royal Naval Air Service in 1917, when he was twenty-four, became a Captain in the R.A.F. (when these titles still prevailed) in 1918, and a Squadron Leader in 1925. He has served in Iraq, where he won his Distinguished Flying Cross in 1922.

The tied-together air drill, which is done by No. 25 Squadron, is a fine example of air discipline and precise judgment. The squadron is led by Squadron Leader A. L. Paxton. He has served in Egypt and other distant parts, and he received his Distinguished Flying Cross for "great gallantry and devotion to duty," during operations in 1919. Squadron Leader Paxton is an Australian by birth.

In the set piece at the end of the Display programme, the new Handley Page "Heyford" bombing aeroplanes are led by Wing Commander F. J. Linnell, who hails from Kent. He served in the war from 1914 to 1918, being originally in the Royal Naval Air Service. He was twice mentioned in despatches.

These are the kind of pilots who will be performing at Hendon to-day. They include men of long experience, long service and many decorations, and young officers who have joined the R.A.F. only a short time ago; but they are all of them imbued with the fine traditions of a fine service.

O.S.

Commonsense and the Work-Worn Horse

By Freddy Fox—(*The Famous Jockey*)

MY experience has been that no movement which loses its head and indulges in vague idealism ever gets anywhere. For this reason, I welcome every opportunity of explaining just what the International League for Horses seeks to do, and why. This organisation is not a collection of cranks and sentimental old women, but a body composed of people who have practical experience of horses and who have examined the question from the economic, as well as the moral point of view.

We realise fully that we cannot make sure that every horse exported from England is never ill-treated at any time. In other words, unless we ruined one of our most prosperous industries by a system of total prohibition, we could not ensure that a proportion of young and perfectly sound animals did not eventually drift into bad hands. And, realising that such a thing is impossible, we do not attempt to do it. But we *do* say that a horse that has served us well should be painlessly destroyed under British supervision when he becomes almost too old for further work, and not exported to be exposed to the risk of mal-treatment on foreign soil. The danger of this lies, not so much in the actual methods of slaughter, although conditions in many of the abattoirs leave a great deal to be desired, as in the fact that a disturbing proportion of animals exported, nominally for slaughter, are re-sold abroad for further work. This proportion has been estimated by a competent observer to be as high as seventy per cent.

Relevant Circumstances

It is true that every horse exported from England has to be passed by a qualified inspector. But the inspector can only administer the law as it stands. The result is that a horse of any age can be sent out of the country to open Continental markets, unless it is actually diseased or palpably unsound. The fact that within a very short time it must necessarily be a pitiful worn-out wreck, cannot be taken into consideration. Various methods of preventing this without interfering with legitimate trade have been explored and, as a result, a bill is to be introduced in Parliament which seeks to prohibit the export of any horse of a value of less than twenty-five pounds.

It is contended—and it is a contention which I thoroughly support—that a horse of so small a value can have little work left in it. This figure has been fixed by practical men who have full knowledge of prevailing prices and market conditions, and I am satisfied, after taking all relevant circumstances into consideration, that it will effectually put a stop to the traffic in work worn horses and at the same time not interfere with legitimate business interests. But even if every

such horse exported was immediately slaughtered and if all Continental knackers adopted humane methods, which they do not—in France and Belgium it is still legal to kill with the pole-axe or hammer—it would still pay us financially to prohibit the export of horses for this purpose. The actual meat itself is not the only valuable product of a horse abattoir. The total value of the hides, horse-hair, glue, size, bones, fertiliser, and fat is a much more important consideration. Many of these by-products are worked up abroad and re-imported from there into this country.

Far-reaching Aspect

It is obvious, therefore, that if all our old horses were slaughtered at home, not only would employment be stimulated, but the monetary profits, which at present go into the pockets of foreigners, would go to our own people. This, moreover, is before taking into consideration the fact that, in spite of duties, the export of dressed carcasses is more profitable than the export of this class of livestock. With what I contend is such a strong case for the prohibition of the export of horses for slaughter, it seems obvious that informed opposition can only come from a particular class of dealer, a class which is in fact a small one and which is making money out of a trade which every humane person condemns. I fancy few people could object to legislation at the expense of this unimportant and unpleasant body, particularly in view of the fact that such an act of Parliament would benefit a much larger number of infinitely more deserving men.

There is another and perhaps even more far-reaching aspect which must be considered. The International League for horses is in touch with similar bodies in various foreign countries, whose officials feel confident that the chance of getting legislation passed in their respective lands would be greatly facilitated *if only England would give a lead*. If this can be achieved the problem of the horse which is exported young and eventually drifts into bad hands will be a lot nearer solution, because government control will operate where at present none exists whatever. Moreover, public opinion must necessarily be affected by such measures, which should do much to improve the lot of horses abroad.

But if anything is to be done it is essential that Englishmen should act. We are a modest race who dislike broadcasting our opinions or putting forward demands, even though we know them to be justified. This national complex of ours must be got over if we are to justify our reputation as a nation of horse lovers. Legislation will follow soon enough if public opinion is sufficiently vocal. Let us sink our national reticence and come forward boldly in a good cause.

England Waking Up

A Pacific—Not Pacifist Country

By Robert Machray

THOSE who believe that a really strong England is not only necessary for the safety of the country and the Empire, but also is the best guarantee for the peace of the world, may note some signs that are distinctly encouraging. Among these, the most immediate and the most notable is the result of the Twickenham Election.

Two or three days before the election, Dr. Hensley Henson, the Bishop of Durham, said in the Church Assembly at Westminster that the one hope of the world's peace was that Great Britain should be able to speak effectively in the Councils of the nations; but if, following the "mirage of pacifism," she disarmed herself in the face of an armed world, she would neither speak self-respectingly nor effectively. These words are memorable, especially considering where they were uttered, and afford a striking and welcome contrast to some astounding statements made by Dr. Barnes, the Bishop of Birmingham, on Sunday last, in connection with the National Peace Congress at Birmingham.

The Road to Disaster

After asserting that the Treaty of Versailles was unjust—a very one-sided claim to say the least of it—Bishop Barnes declared that he would restore to Germany those colonies of hers which had been placed under British control. Then he went on to say that he ardently desired universal disarmament, "but if all attempts to secure such disarmament fail, I would have my own country disarm, and for its safety, trust to a policy of international righteousness and of co-operation with other nations." He added, as well he might, that this was a policy "so dangerous as to seem quixotic, and might end in disaster." On the other hand, any alternative policy would, he said, lead to a large-scale war, and put an end to Western European civilisation. So, his policy must be adopted!

Universal disarmament! International righteousness! One wonders in what kind of strange dream-world the Bishop is living. Does he never read the papers? Is it possible that the mirage of pacifism, of which his brother Bishop spoke, makes him believe that disarmament is still a living issue in a Europe that is armed or is arming to the teeth? Does he really believe that in such circumstances the chance exists of even partial disarmament? He would have his own country—England, no less!—meet the situation by further disarmament and trust for her safety to a policy of international righteousness!

Where on earth is this international righteousness to be found? The notion is simply grotesque, as things stand to-day—or perhaps any day. No, my lord, your policy won't do; it may be accepted by other woolly-headed pacifists like yourself, but

the vast majority of the nation will, with sound commonsense, reject it. They would far rather have a strong England, a pacific, but not a pacifist England. That way safety lies, and they are waking up to that truth.

Even our footling, vacillating, shilly-shallying Government has stated over and over again that England has disarmed to the edge of risk, and Minister after Minister, with a fatuous pride in that weakness which is past understanding, has even made a virtue of it. What is the present attitude of the Government? It cannot be said to be perfectly straightforward, the adjournment of the Disarmament Conference having given it some excuse apparently for further delay.

It is true that on Saturday, Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell, the First Lord of the Admiralty, made a strong speech—in the right direction. He said it was "about time that we woke up in this country, and looked to our national and imperial defences, because we cannot go on pursuing an international dream of disarmament all alone."

It is true that he said that without an adequate navy, the Empire would melt away and cease to exist, that a strong navy would help more than anything else towards world peace, and that "we must not think for a moment that there were not covetous eyes cast on some part or other of our heritage." He quoted figures showing that England was the only country which had decreased (by 16 per cent.) her expenditure on armaments during the last eight years, whereas Italy had increased hers by about 10 per cent., the United States by more than 10 per cent., Germany by upwards of 12 per cent., Japan by 80 per cent., France by more than 100 per cent., and the Soviet by nearly 200 per cent.

Farmer Stanley

It is true that he wound up with the words: "In the interests of our island home, in the interests of our Empire, and in the interests of world peace, I hope this country will always say that a strong navy is absolutely imperative." But what is also true is that Mr. Baldwin appeared on the same platform with the First Lord, was remarkably careful to utter not a word that could be construed as supporting the First Lord's speech, and in fact, did not even rehearse his own familiar little piece, with the addendum that preliminary work was being done. He appeared in the rôle of "Farmer Stanley," and talked of the Government's agricultural policy to his Worcestershire constituents. He had a first-class opportunity of stating what was being done and what was going to be done to remedy the defencelessness of England, but he ignored it altogether. Why? England, waking up, wants an answer.

The Duchess of Atholl, M.P.

By Sir Louis Stuart, C.I.E.

THIS is an appreciation of a lady, who prefers not to have her praises sounded. The Duchess of Atholl in her public life has never courted applause. She has set before herself certain objects—the good of others, the good of the British nation, and the good of the British Empire. From the day when she organised nursing associations in her own county of Perthshire, to the day when she devoted herself to a whole-hearted endeavour to ascertain the true facts about India, and present them to the public, her methods have been the same. A careful examination of every problem, a searching criticism of all aspects thereof, and a clear-headed endeavour to obtain the solution. Success has crowned the endeavour. Her many activities have included the furtherance of the aims of the Red Cross, the improvement of medical and nursing services in Scotland, the charge of hospitals in the War, agriculture and education. She has had now many years experience in the House of Commons, and was for nearly six years Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education.

Conscientious Researches

With regard to India, this distinguished lady at first preserved complete detachment. She neither formed nor expressed views until she had studied the question from every angle. It can be said without fear of contradiction, that her researches have been most extensive, and that at the present moment her knowledge of conditions in India is surpassed by very few. This, in spite of the fact that she has never visited India. But it is possible to learn very much about India without visiting it, if the capacity and will are there. What has been the result of her enquiries? She has satisfied herself, after an impartial examination of the facts, that the extension of self-government in India has so far not made for good. She has examined the results under the heads of local self-government, education, and public health, and has arrived at the conclusion that so far from the extension of Indian popular control and the contraction of British official control having advanced the happiness of the masses of India, the result has been exactly the contrary.

Read her findings under these heads in the eleventh chapter of her booklet, "The main facts of the Indian Problem." This chapter is entitled "Our responsibility to the masses." Here is one of her conclusions. "If the welfare of the masses must be, as Queen Victoria's pledge requires, our main consideration, have we the right, in view of these facts, to repeal the 1919 Act, which makes possible the recall of powers which have been seriously abused? Should we not concentrate for the present on helping Central and Provincial Governments to put in operation the various measures of guidance and financial assistance suggested by the Hartog Committee and Simon and Linlithgow Commissions, in order, if possible,

to restore efficiency in the important Services already transferred, in which deterioration has been shown to have taken place, before any further transference is made? Will not anything more than this at the present time, mean a sacrifice of human and material welfare for purely political considerations?"

The Self-less Ideal

This passage is quoted only partly on the Indian question. It is quoted mainly to show the angle from which the Duchess approaches public questions. She approaches all questions from the same angle and solely from a self-less desire to do the right. But how far is this striving "practical politics?" The answer will be given in the places, where the Tapers and Tadpoles are gathered together, that this is merely beating the air. But is it? Are appeals to self, attempts to set one against another and promises of gain productive of such permanent success as to be called practical? In these days of vote catching and temporary expedients which are disclaimed and forgotten, as the occasion disappears, it may seem that there is no room for her views. But there is another side, and it may be that the politics of the Duchess of Atholl will be found in the end to be the true practical politics. It is permissible to hope, in view of the innate decency and sound sense of the British nation, that, when truth emerges, it will be possible to conduct public affairs without resort to wiles and manœuvres. An ever increasing number, unhappy under present conditions, are becoming restive, and are demanding clear leadership by real leaders. It is because many think that such a lead has not been provided that there has been an urge to turn to strange gods in foreign garb. But there is an alternative of home growth.

Why should it be necessary to smash the constitution and destroy the fabric which has been constructed in the last nine hundred years? That fabric has risen side by side with the nation, and expresses the nation. Why should it be necessary to break away in entirety? It is necessary and very necessary to clean, to purge, and in part to recast. But this is reconditioning not demolition. There is still a future for Parliament. There is still a future even for party government. All is not lost yet, but all may be lost, if higher standards are not attained.

"This question, therefore, surely overshadows all others in magnitude and urgency, and no pains should be spared in helping to a better understanding of it before the day of decision arrives." So writes the Duchess about the Indian question. But the Indian question is only a part—although a very important part—of the whole, and the question of reformation is the question that must be faced. But the principles should be easy. Their application will not be easy, but the application must be made.

THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL NAVY

FROM THE

EARLIEST PERIODS

TO THE PRESENT

TIME

BY

JOHN

BARRETT

ESQ.

LONDON

1845

Supplement to the SATURDAY REVIEW

THE DUCHESS OF ATHOLL

Our most brilliant woman politician



who takes the good of her country seriously to heart



The Varmint

A Woodland Tragedy

By Dan Russell

THE little rearing-field lay on the lower slope of the hill, facing south so that the sun shone on it all day. Above and on the eastern and western sides thick belts of larch gave protection from the winds. The light, sandy soil was dotted with ant-hills upon which the pheasant chicks scratched and foraged. The double line of coops stretched the length of the field, each with its foster-mother, a hen, and its complement of chicks. In a corner stood a small wooden hut where the keeper stored his foodstuffs and tools; here, also, were rusty, mud-clogged traps and an old muzzle-loading gun.

The light was fading as the keeper went his round of the coops, seeing that all was well. He went slowly from coop to coop, counting the chicks as he went and grumbling to himself. As he approached the end of the line, something large and shadowy floated from the shelter of the larches on to the ground in front of the last coop. The keeper broke into a run, shouting and waving his arms, and the brown owl flashed back again to the trees; but on the ground lay a pheasant chick, kicking feebly, its neck-feathers stained with blood. When the keeper picked it up it was dead. He swore under his breath, for this was the forty-seventh chick he had lost.

"Yew varmint," he cried to the dull greenness of the larches, "I'll have 'ee yet."

He went back to his hut and returned with a dozen traps which he set on top of the coops where the owl would alight.

"There!" he muttered when he had finished, "See what that'll do for 'ee."

But the next morning the traps were empty. He took his gun and walked through the larches which enclosed the field. The delicate green of their branches made a fitting canopy for the anemones and wood-sorrel which grew beneath them. The bluebells were a lake of blue which rippled as the flowers bowed in the breeze.

Birds there were in plenty; thrushes, blackbirds, tits, sparrows and a magpie or two; but of the owl there was no sign. The keeper walked slowly, tapping all the hollow trees and examining the ground for those balls of fur and bones which an owl coughs up as indigestible. But all to no avail. The brown owl had found too good a hiding-place. At length he gave it up and went back to his cottage.

In the afternoon he returned, bringing with him an axe and a mallet, and against the hedge by the last coop he built a shelter of branches. The day was hot and he was sweating profusely before he had finished. He surveyed his work with pleasure; a real neat job; he could wait inside there and when the owl came . . . one barrel ought to do the trick. Then he went off on his rounds.

Before dusk he was sitting in his hiding-place, his gun across his knees. The evening was very quiet and still. He could hear a boy calling the cows on the other side of the hill. Somewhere in the larches a thrush was singing, pouring his heart out in a glorious flood of sound. But the keeper did not heed him. His whole being was filled with desire to kill the owl which had worked such havoc with his broods, and his anger was heightened by his previous failures to kill the bird. But to-night he felt he would do it.

"Dang the varmint," he muttered involuntarily.

Gradually the light left the field and the chirping of the pheasant chicks ceased. The larches seemed to recede into the gloom and the field became even quieter. Thin scarves of mist floated a few feet above the ground by the trees. The keeper changed his position; he was getting cramped, but the discomfort only added to his determination. He scanned the ranks of larches, all his senses alert for the silent, floating form for which he was waiting. So intent was he upon the trees, that he did not hear the rustling grasses as something moved between the lines of coops, nor did he hear the faint, fluttering struggle which followed.

Suddenly, without a sound, silent and shadowy as the night itself, the owl swooped down between the coops. So swiftly did it come that the keeper had no time to raise his gun before it pounced behind the last coop. He raised himself and put his gun to his shoulder, aiming above the coop. Then he shouted; the owl rose, and as it did so, the keeper fired. The ragged orange flame from the gun stabbed the dusk and the report echoed round the silent countryside, bringing in its train a barking of dogs and twittering of birds.

The keeper rose stiffly to his feet, smiling to himself.

"Got 'un," he cried.

He crossed to where the owl had fallen. It lay very still upon the ground, a huddled bunch of feathers, the fierce blaze of life fading from its yellow eyes. He picked it up, noting that for all its apparent size its body was very small beneath the thick cloak of feathers.

"Yew owd varmint," he cried exultantly, "Yew won't do no more damage. Copped 'ee pra'aper this toime."

Then he saw something else. Something that kicked convulsively in a tuft of grass. He bent over it. It was a gigantic rat, its sides bloody from the owl's talons and its skull broken by the hooked beak. But this was not all; for grasped firmly between the jaws of the dying thief was the dead body of a pheasant-chick.

The keeper straightened and looked down at the limp body of the owl with real contrition.

"Dang it all," he muttered, "how was I to know."

Surrey Shooting

Mr. Jorrocks in Trouble

By R. S. Surtees

Nosey Browne and Jorrocks were old friends, and Nosey's affairs having gone crooked, why, of course, like most men in a similar situation, he was all the better for it; and while his creditors were taking twopence-halfpenny in the pound, he was taking his diversion on his wife's property, which a sagacious old father-in-law had secured to the family in the event of such a contingency as a failure happening; so knowing Jorrocks's propensity for sports, and being desirous of chatting over all his gallant doings with "The Surrey," he despatched a "twopenny" offering him a day's shooting on his property in Surrey, adding that he hoped he would dine with him after. Jorrocks being invited himself, with a freedom peculiar to fox-hunters, invited his friend the Yorkshireman, and visiting his armoury, selected him a regular shot-scatterer of a gun, capable of carrying ten yards on every side.

At the appointed hour on the appointed morning, the Yorkshireman appeared in Great Coram Street, where he found Mr. Jorrocks in the parlour, in the act of settling himself into a new spruce green cutaway gambroon butler's pantry jacket, with pockets equal to holding a powder flask each, his lower man being attired in tight drab stocking-net pantaloons, and Hessian boots with large tassels—a striking contrast to the fustian pocket-and-all-pocket jackets marked with game bag, strap, and shot belt, and the weather-beaten, many-coloured, breeches and gaiters, and hobnail shoes that compose the equipment of a shooter in Yorkshire. Mr. Jorrocks not keeping any 'sporting dogs,' as the tax papers call them had borrowed a fat house dog—a cross between a setter and a dalmatian—of his friend Mr. Evergreen, the green-grocer, which he had seen make a most undeniable point one morning in the Copenhagen fields, at a flock of pigeons in a beetroot garden. This valuable animal was now attached by a trash-cord through a ring in his brass collar to a leg of a sideboard, while a clean licked dish at his side showed that Jorrocks had been trying to attach him to himself, by feeding him before starting.

"We'll take a coach to the Castle," said Jorrocks, "and then get a 'go-cart' or a cast somehow or other to Streatham, for we shall have walking enough when we get there. Browne is an excellent fellow, and will make us range every acre of his estate over half a dozen times before we give in." A coach was speedily summoned, into which Jorrocks, the dog Pompey, the Yorkshireman and the guns were speedily placed, and away they drove to the Elephant and Castle.

"Flies" that do not Fly

There were short stages about for every possible place except Streatham—Greenwich, Deptford, Blackheath, Eltham, Bromley, Fools Cray, Beckenham, Lewisham—all places but the right. However, there were abundance of 'go-carts,' a species of vehicle that ply in the outskirts of the Metropolis, and which, like the watering-place 'fly,' take their name from the contrary—in fact, a sort of *lucus a non lucendo*. They are carts on springs drawn by one horse (with curtains to protect the company from the weather), the drivers of which, partly by cheating, and partly by picking pockets, eke out a comfortable existence, and are the most lawless set of rascals under the sun. Their arrival at the Elephant and Castle was a signal for a general muster of the fraternity, who, seeing the guns, were convinced that their journey was only what they call a few miles down the road, and they were speedily surrounded by twenty or thirty of them, all with 'excellent' osses, vot would take their honours fourteen miles an hour.' All men of business are aware of the advantages of competition, and no one more so than

Jorrocks, who stood listening to their offers with the utmost *sang froid*, until he closed with one to take them to Streatham church for two shillings, and deliver them within the half-hour, which was a signal for all the rest to set to and abuse them, their coachman, and his horse, which they swore had been carrying 'stiff-uns'* all night and 'could not go not none at all.' Nor were they far wrong; for the horse, after scrambling a hundred yards or two, gradually relaxed into something between a walk and a trot, while the driver kept soliciting every passer-by to 'ride,' much to our sportsmen's chagrin, who conceived they were to have the 'go' all to themselves. Remonstrance was vain, and he crammed in a master chimney-sweep, Major Ballenger, the licensed dealer in tea, coffee, tobacco, and snuff, of Streatham, (a customer of Jorrocks,) and a wet nurse; and took up an Italian organ-grinder to ride beside himself on the front before they had accomplished Brixton Hill. Jorrocks swore most lustily that he would fine him, and at every fresh assurance, the driver offered a passer-by a seat; but, having enlisted Major Ballenger into their cause, they at length made a stand, which, unfortunately for them, was more than the horse could do, for just as he was showing off, as he thought, with a bit of a trot, down they all soused in the mud. Great was the scramble; guns, barrel-organ, Pompey, Jorrocks, driver, master chimney-sweep, Major Ballenger, were all down together, while the wet-nurse, who sat at the end nearest the door, was chucked clean over the hedge into a dry ditch. This was a signal to quit the vessel, and, having extricated themselves the best way they could, they all set off on foot, and left the driver to right himself at his leisure.

The Suburban Mind

Ballenger looked rather queer when he heard they were going to Nosey Browne's, for it so happened that Nosey had managed to walk into his books for groceries and kitchen-stuff to the tune of fourteen pounds, a large sum to a man in a small way of business; and to be entertaining friends so soon after his composition seemed curious to Ballenger's uninitiated suburban mind.

Crossing Streatham Common, a short turn to the left by some yew tree leads, by a near cut across the fields, to Browne's house; a fiery-red brick castellated cottage standing on the slope of a gentle eminence, and combining almost every absurdity a cockney imagination can be capable of. Nosey, who was his own "Nash," set out with the intention of making it a castle and nothing but a castle, and accordingly the windows were made in the loophole fashion, and the door occupied a third of the whole frontage. The inconveniences of the arrangements were soon felt, for, while the light was almost excluded from the rooms, "rude Boreas" had the complete run of the castle whenever the door was opened. To remedy this, Nosey increased the one and curtailed the other, and the Gothic oak-painted windows and door flew from their positions to make way for modern plate-glass in rich pea-green casements and a door of similar hue. The battlements, however, remained, and two wooden guns guarded a brace of chimney-pots and commanded the wings of the castle, one whereof was formed into a *green*, the other into a *gig-house*.

The peals of a bright brass-handled bell at a garden gate, surmounted by a holly-bush with the top cut into the shape of a fox, announced their arrival to the inhabitants of "Rosalinda Castle," and on entering they discovered young Nosey in the act of bobbing for gold fish in a pond about the size of a soup-basin; while Nosey, senior, a fat, stupid-looking fellow, with a large corporation and a bottle nose, attired in a single-breasted

* Doing a bit of resurrection work.

green cloth coat, buff waistcoat, with drab shorts and continuations, was reposing, "*sub tegmine fagi*," in a sort of tea-garden arbour, overlooking a dung heap, waiting their arrival to commence an attack upon the sparrows which were regaling thereon. At one end of the garden was a sort of temple composed of oyster shells, containing a couple of carrier pigeons, with which Nosey had intended making his fortune, by the early information to be acquired by them; but "there is many a slip," as Jorrocks would say.

Greetings being over, and Jorrocks having paid a visit to the larder and made up a stock of provisions equal to a journey through the Wilderness, they adjourned to the yard to get the *other* dog, and the man to carry the game—or rather, the prog, for the former was but problematical. He was a character, a sort of chap of all work, one, in short, "who has no objection to make himself generally useful"; but if his genius had any decided bent, it had, perhaps, an inclination towards sporting.

Having to act the part of groom and gamekeeper during the morning, and butler and footman in the afternoon, he was attired in a sort of composition dress, savouring of the different characters performed. He had on an old white hat, a groom's fustian stable coat cut down into a shooting jacket, with a whistle at the button-hole, red plush smalls, and top-boots.

Drab Bess

There is nothing a cockney delights in more than aping a country gentleman, and Browne fancied himself no bad hand at it; indeed, since his London occupation was gone, he looked upon himself as a country gentleman in fact. "Vel Joe," said he, stridling and sticking his thumbs into the arm-holes of his waistcoat, to this invaluable man of all work, "we must show the gemmen some sport to-day; vich do you think the best line to start upon—shall we go to the ten-hacre field, or the plantation, or Thompson's stubble, or Timms' turnips, or my meadow, or vere?" "Vy, I doesn't know," said Joe; "there's that old hen pheasant as we calls Drab Bess, vot has haunted the plantin' these two seasons, and none of us ever could 'it (hit), and I hears that Jack, and Tom, and Bob, are still left out of Thompson's covey; but, my eyes! they're special vild!" "Vot, only three left? Where is old Tom, and the old ramping hen?" inquired Browne. "Oh, Mr. Smith and a party of them 'ere Bankside chaps com'd down last Saturday's gone a week, and rattled nine-and-twenty shots at the covey, and got the two old uns; at least it's supposed they were both killed, though the seven on 'em only bagged one bird; but I heard they got a goose or two as they vent home. They had a shot at old Tom, the hare, too; but he is still alive; at least I pricked him yesterday morn across the path into the turnip field. Suppose we goes at him first?"

The estate, like the game, was rather deficient in quantity, but Browne was a wise man and made the most of what he had, and when he used to talk about his "manor" on 'Change, people thought he had at least a thousand acres—the extent a cockney generally advertises for when he wants to take a shooting place. The following is a sketch of what he had: The east, as far as the eye could reach, was bounded by Norwood, a name dear to cockneys and the scene of many a furtive kiss; the hereditaments and premises belonging to Isaac Cheatum, Esq., ran parallel with it on the west, containing sixty-three acres, "be the same more or less," separated from which, by a small brook or runner of water, came the estate of Mr. Timms, consisting of sixty acres, three roods, and twenty-four perches, commonly called or known by the name of Fordham; next to it were two allotments in right of common, for all manner of cattle, except cows, upon Streatham common, from whence up to Rosalinda Castle, on the west, lay the estate of Mr. Browne, consisting of fifty acres and two perches. Now it so happened that Browne had formerly the permission to sport all the way up to Norwood, a distance of a mile and a half, and consequently he might have been said to have the right of shooting in Norwood itself, for the keepers only direct their attention to the preservation of the timber and the morals of the visitors; but since his composition with his creditors, Mr. Cheatum, who had "gone to the wall"

himself in former years, was so scandalized at Browne doing the same, that no sooner did his name appear in the *Gazette*, than Cheatum withdrew his permission, thereby cutting him off from Norwood and stopping him in pursuit of his game.

Joe's proposition being duly seconded, Mr. Jorrocks, in the most orthodox manner, flushed off his old flint and steel fire-engine, and proceeded to give it an uncommon good loading. The Yorkshireman, with a look of disgust, mingled with despair, and a glance at Joe's plush breeches and top boots, did the same, while Nosey, in the most considerate sportsmanlike manner, merely shouldered a stick, in order that there might be no delicacy with his neighbours as to who should shoot first—a piece of *etiquette* that aids the escape of many a bird in the neighbourhood of London.

Old Tom—a most unfortunate old hare, that what with the harriers, the shooters, the snarers, and one thing and another, never knew a moment's peace, and who must have started in the world with as many lives as a cat—being doomed to receive the first crack on this occasion, our sportsmen stole gently down the fallow, at the bottom of which were the turnips wherein he was said to repose; but scarcely had they reached the hurdles which divided the field, before he was seen legging it away clean out of shot. Jorrocks, who had brought his gun to bear upon him, could scarcely refrain from letting drive, but thinking to come upon him again by stealth, as he made his circuit for Norwood, he strode away across the allotments and Fordham estate, and took up a position behind a shed which stood on the confines of Mr. Timms' and Mr. Cheatum's properties. Here, having procured a rest for his gun, he waited until Old Tom, who had tarried to nip a few blades of green grass that came in his way, made his appearance. Presently he came cantering along the outside of the wood, at a careless, easy sort of pace, betokening either perfect indifference for the world's mischief, or utter contempt of cockney sportsmen altogether.

Gentlemanly Compliments

He was a melancholy, woe-begone-looking animal, long and lean, with a slight inclination to grey on his dingy old coat, one that looked as though he had survived his kindred and had already lived beyond his day. Jorrocks, however, saw him differently, and his eyes glistened as he came within range of his gun. A well-timed shot ends poor Tom's miseries! He springs into the air, and with a melancholy scream rolls neck over heels. Knowing that Pompey would infallibly spoil him if he got up first, Jorrocks, without waiting to load, was in the act of starting off to pick him up, when at the first step, he found himself in the grasp of a Herculean monster, something between a coal-heaver and a gamekeeper, who had been secreted behind the shed. Nosey Browne, who had been watching his movements, halloed out to Jorrocks to "hold hard," who stood motionless, on the spot from whence he fired, and Browne was speedily alongside of him. "You are on Squire Cheatum's estate," said the man; "and I have authority to take up all poachers and persons found unlawfully trespassing; what's your name?" "He's not on Cheatum's estate," said Browne. "He is," said the man. "You're a liar," said Browne. "You're another," said the man. And so they went on; for when such gentlemen meet, compliments pass current. At length the keeper pulled out a foot-rule, and keeping Jorrocks in the same position he caught him, he set to measure the distance of his foot from the boundary, taking off in a line from the shed; when it certainly did appear that the length of a big toe was across the mark, and putting up his measure again, he insisted on taking Jorrocks before a magistrate for the trespass. Of course, no objection could be made, and they all adjourned to Mr. Boreem's, when the whole case was laid before him. To cut a long story short—after hearing the pros and cons, and referring to the act of parliament, his worship decided that a trespass had been committed; and though it went against the grain to do so, he fined Jorrocks in the mitigated penalty of one pound one.

This was a sad damper to our heroes, who returned to the castle with their prog untouched and no great

appetite for dinner. Being only a family party, when Mrs. B. retired, the subject naturally turned upon the morning's mishap, and at every glass of port Jorrocks waxed more valiant, until he swore he would appeal against the "conviction"; and remaining in the same mind when he awoke the next morning, he took the Temple in his way to St. Botolph Lane and had six-and-eightpence worth with Mr. Capias, the attorney, who very judiciously argued each side of the question without venturing an opinion, and proposed stating a case for counsel to advise upon.

As usual, he gave one that would cut either way, though if it had any tendency whatever it was to induce Jorrocks to go on; and he not wanting much persuasion, it will not surprise our readers to hear that Jorrocks, Capias, and the Yorkshireman were seen a few days after crossing Waterloo Bridge in a yellow post-chaise, on their way to Croydon sessions.

After a "guinea" consultation at the Greyhound, they adjourned to the Court, which was excessively crowded, Jorrocks being as popular with the farmers and people as Cheatum was the reverse. Party feeling, too, running rather high at the time, there had been a strong "whip" among the magistrates to get a full attendance to reverse Boreem's conviction, who had made himself rather obnoxious on the blue interest at the election. Of course they all came in new hats,* and sat on the bench looking as wise as gentlemen judges generally do.

One hundred and twenty-two affiliation cases (for this was in the old poor law time) having been disposed of,

* Magistrates always buy their hats about Session times, as they have the privilege of keeping their hats on their blocks in court.

about one o'clock in the afternoon, the chairman, Mr. Tomkins of Tomkins, moved the order of the day. He was a perfect prototype of a county magistrate—with a bald powdered head covered by a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, hair terminating behind in a *queue*, resting on the ample collar of a snuff-brown coat, with a large bay-window of a corporation, with difficulty retained by the joint efforts of a buff waistcoat, and the waistband of a pair of yellow leather breeches. His countenance, which was solemn and grave in the extreme, might either be indicative of sense of what often serves in the place of wisdom—when parties can only hold their tongues—great natural stupidity. From the judge's seat, which he occupied in the centre of the bench, he observed with immense dignity: "There is an appeal of Jorrocks against Cheatum, which we, the bench of Magistrates of our Lord the King, will take if the parties are ready," and immediately the Court rang with "Jorrocks and Cheatum! Jorrocks and Cheatum! Mr. Capias, attorney at law! Mr. Capias answer to his name! Mr. Sharp, attorney at law!"—"Mr. Sharp's in the jury room."—"Then go fetch him directly," from the ushers and bailiffs of the court; for though Tomkins of Tomkins was slow himself, he insisted upon others being quick, and was a great hand at prating about saving the time of the suitors. At length the bustle of counsel crossing the table, parties coming in and others leaving court, bailiffs shouting, and ushers responding, gradually subsided into a whisper of "that's Jorrocks! that's Cheatum!" as the belligerent parties took their places by their respective counsel.

(To be continued)

"Razo"

A Short-lived Friendship

By "Fish-Hawk"

HE came aboard on a cold blustering rainy day in July, just a small bedraggled bunch of flesh and feathers, and was caught by Bill who brought him to me. Keeping him in my hand, I gave him a drink of water from a cup, and then seeing that he showed no inclination to struggle I sat on the floor and opened my hand. He shook himself, gave a couple of cheeps, and forthwith set out upon a C.O.'s inspection of the main cabin. First he inspected me, starting up one leg and working his way onto my shoulders, then down the other arm and on to my legs again. His method of climbing was just like that of a parrot, his beak being used to help him to negotiate the steep parts.

Nautical Roll

Satisfied that I contained nothing edible he passed on to Bill, who was inspected even more thoroughly, for his hair was tweaked several times in the vain hope of something edible materialising! Bill being another blank he went elsewhere, in fact everywhere, into our bunks, and the bathroom, under the table, walking fair heel and toe with a wonderful nautical roll and looking for all the world like some old salt with his hands behind him 'neath his coat-tails. By the time he had finished his inspection I had got some food out, the best we had, coarse oatmeal and some cold haricot beans left from dinner. He settled down quite happily between Bill and me and ate solidly for about five minutes, after which he tucked his head into his back feathers and went to sleep.

Within ten minutes, however, he was awake again and decided to leave us. Waddling to the companion way, he flew from step to step, until he reached the deck and we saw him no more. Bill and I were convulsed with laughter. The absolute indifference to our presence, the calm acceptance of our ministrations, the examination of Bill's hair, and above all that glorious seaman's roll, were too funny. The next afternoon he came back again, but this time even more bedraggled, and minus his tail. No doubt a cat on one of the other trawlers, could have explained its absence.

A Sudden Shudder

He was very weak and weary, and though he gladly drank from the cup again, he refused all food. He seemed, too, to like the warmth of my hand, and remained sitting on it even when I opened my fingers; so for half an hour I sat holding him while he dozed. Presently he seemed to develop some difficulty with his breathing so we hastily raided the medicine chest, and gave him sal volatile and water from my finger.* For a time he seemed better, but very soon another spasm shook him, then another, till, with a sudden shudder, that seemed to run through me too, his head fell forward and he died.

Only a little Crossbill, that had flown from Norway but a few days before and for whom the journey across the North Sea had proved too much. Yet somehow that wee fellow had flown into our hearts and Bill and I will never forget our little pal "Razo."

Dumping Foreign Glass

WORKERS in all parts of the country, and especially those engaged in the manufacture of glassware, are getting very dissatisfied with the distrust shown by the Government in its attitude towards British industry. History has shown that in Lancashire, Yorkshire, and other great industrial centres, when Britons had a fair market and proper help and encouragement, they built and equipped some of the finest mills ever erected in any part of the world. There is no doubt that if the Government and politicians generally would only trust British industrialists they would again find that this country can lead the world in factories and equipment.

In the glassware industry the employees of one firm, Messrs. Hailwood & Ackroyd, Ltd., of Morley, near Leeds, have taken such a serious view of things that they have sent a letter to the Members of Parliament for their respective constituencies. In this letter they state that as voters and employees of a firm of glass makers which has extreme difficulty in combating the dumping of foreign glassware in this country, they ask that the matter should be brought before the notice of the House. They point out that owing to this continual dumping their firm has only one-third of its capacity employed.

"When the duty on glassware was reduced from 50 per cent. to 20 per cent.," they state, "the Glass Makers Federation put in an application for an increase of duty. This application was filed over two years ago last April. It took the Tariff Advisory Board until March 8th, 1934, to issue a report to the Lords Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury, and in this report it was stated that 'Although the duties had not been without effect, imports as a whole are still substantial and have recently shown a tendency to increase, while in many directions the productive capacity in this country is not fully used.' In spite of this urgent paragraph, the Lords Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury took until May 28th before they issued an order bringing some slight increase of tariff into effect on May 31st. The increase of tariff is microscopic and considerably lower than that given to an allied industry, viz., the iron and steel industry. It is about half what the glass industry asked for, and we know for a fact that it is half what is needed to put the Glass Industry on its feet."

After enumerating certain questions which they desire their members to ask in the House, these workers suggest that the Tariff Advisory Board and Treasury should see that their powers are used immediately and in the broadest possible manner.

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By Appointment

A Great Queen and Her Son

By Clive Rattigan

IT is the fashion nowadays rather to scoff at the Victorian age, and with that fashion has come a tendency to belittle the central figure of that age—the Sovereign who gave her name to it.

In her own reign, comparisons between herself and Elizabeth were often made, much to her annoyance, for Elizabeth was not a ruler she admired. Yet those comparisons are likely to persist with Posterity, for were not both these long-reigning Queens distinguished for their dominant personality, their magnificent courage and for their association with all that made for their country's greatness? In their old age their earlier popularity might show signs of waning, but they both continued to rule to the end with unabated will power. And both Tudor and Guelph, in their imperiousness of temper and action, were guided by one motive, the good of their subjects, and a high sense of public duty.

The Shadow of the Prince Consort

The death of the Prince Consort was a stunning blow to Queen Victoria, and it had certain unfortunate consequences. It left her with a terrible feeling of loneliness and isolation and caused her to withdraw herself more and more from the public gaze. It also imposed on her what she regarded as a definite trust, the carrying out, almost to the letter, of the advice given her by her husband during his life-time.

Prince Albert had believed that a strong Prussia was necessary for the political reformation of Germany and would be a useful ally to Great Britain. Accordingly, Queen Victoria's sympathies were apt to be pronouncedly pro-German when her own son's and her country's were not.

Again, because Prince Albert had deplored that his son had "no interest for things, but all the more for persons," Queen Victoria endeavoured to mould the son according to the Albert pattern and when the result proved unsuccessful, she was sorely disappointed. His trip to the Near East with Dean Stanley and his happy marriage to the Princess of Denmark, were all "according to plan"; but thereafter the Prince's education in life and affairs proceeded his own way—and in a way that was to bring him very close to the hearts of the people over whom he in turn was to rule.

As the Prince's way, however, was far from being his father's way, Queen Victoria became distrustful of his judgment and apprehensive regarding his impulsiveness. It was for this reason that she denied him for so long access to the inner secrets of State and even came to communicate with him through third parties such as Lord Clarendon.

It says much for the Prince that despite his very natural resentment at this prolonged exclusion

from any share in public affairs, his affection for and loyalty towards his mother never wavered.

Mr. Hector Bolitho in "Victoria the Widow and her Son" (Cobden-Sanderson, 21s.), rightly stresses this point. He also shows how the Prince did not waste his time in repining or kicking against a brick wall, but "threw himself into the maelstrom of Britain's daily life, associating himself with philanthropy, education, health reforms, social welfare, fashion, society and harmless amusement. No other Prince approached the throne with such a knowledge of, and sympathy for the anxieties and frailties of his people."

But Mr. Bolitho is no less fair to the Queen.

"There is another side to the story. The Queen looked upon her Crown as a sacred trust. Nowhere, in all the thousands of documents written during her reign, do we find any hint at a broken secret, a trick of duplicity or violated confidence. . . The Queen saw most events in the terms of pictures—the precious red boxes, the precious documents and the precious key, upon a table at Marlborough House, during a ribald party! She shuddered at the picture and she exaggerated the dangers."

It was Lord Rosebery, who, finding the Prince Consort's golden key in the Foreign Office in 1886, took upon himself to hand it to the Prince of Wales, but six more years had to elapse before the Prince obtained full and complete participation in the secrets of State.

Beaconsfield's Influence

Perhaps what contributed most towards creating in the Queen a juster appreciation of her son was the influence of Beaconsfield in giving her a new interest in life and forcing her to forget her sorrows as a widowed Queen. It is true that at first Beaconsfield's devotion to, and influence on, the Queen seemed to be widening the gap between mother and son, but later the Conservative leader changed his attitude to the Prince and coincident with that change was, on the Queen's part, an increased faith in her son.

Lord Beaconsfield's death was to draw the Queen and Prince still closer together. There was no one then to fill Beaconsfield's place; Gladstone never could quite "fit in"; and more and more, as the years passed, the Queen's confidence in her son grew.

The whole story of the Queen's relations with the Prince is admirably set out in Mr. Bolitho's pages, where well-balanced criticism and studied adherence to the main theme still allow room for picturesque touches: the vision of Palmerston at the Prince's wedding taking out his comb and combing out his heavy whiskers, and of the dying Beaconsfield declining the Queen's offer of a farewell visit with the remark, "No, it is better not. She will only want me to take a message to Albert."

Central American Turmoils

VOLUMES III and IV of "Diplomatic Correspondence of the United States" have appeared recently, paradoxically published by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace (\$5 per volume).

Paradoxically because, dealing as they do with Central American affairs, wars and rumours of wars, revolutions and counter-revolutions, form the subject of most of the correspondence.

It is difficult, anyhow, to imagine how the publication of such letters could affect the issue of peace one way or the other. There is no country in the world whose diplomatic correspondence does not at least pretend a desire for this blessed state and one has to look further than such written communications between diplomats and Secretaries of State as are released for publication to probe the real intentions of nations. The fact that letters are suppressed from time to time, although possibly perfectly innocent, produces a bad impression on the mind which amounts sometimes to grave suspicion.

The communications date from 1831 to 1850 in Volume III and from 1851 to 1860 in Volume IV. The collection is a lengthy one, but well repays the trouble of perusal. It starts with the break-up of the Central American Republic and the formation of the present independent States.

Illiterate Diplomats

Communication was difficult in those early days, and travel, owing to the constant revolutionary activities and the depredations of bandits, was often dangerous.

But the correspondence is not without humour. Many of the United States Chargés d'Affaires seem to have been almost illiterate. The spelling of Elijah Hise, accredited to Guatemala in 1848, followed the rules of no known language. What he lacked in erudition, however, he made up by the vigour of his expressions, especially when communicating to the Secretary of State in Washington about a dispute between Great Britain and Nicaragua over a portion of Honduras known as the Mosquito Coast.

At that time Nicaragua was thought the most suitable place to construct an inter-oceanic canal, and various nations were angling for the concession. The United States, with an eye to financial gain always behind its idealistic protestations, had no wish to see any prize go into other hands. When England completely outwitted all foreign competitors by elevating the chief of the Mosquitos to the rank of King and placing him under her protection, the Nicaraguans protested, and Elijah Hise howled with rage. For the Mosquito Coast contained the only suitable harbours on the Atlantic sea-board.

The Nicaraguans, adept at specious arguments, sent a flood of protests to Washington, begging for American intervention, and also sounded the Courts of Europe. Our statesmen, however, remained unperturbed, and not until 1906, when the construction of the Panama Canal made it obvious that the Mosquito Coast was not likely to prove very useful, was an adjustment made. D.L.L.

"A Candle to the Devil"

IN his new book, "Russia To-day" (Allen & Unwin, 10s. 6d.), Dr. Sherwood Eddy asks, in his sub-title, "What Can We Learn from it?" This work is in two parts, which together fill a stout volume of more than three hundred pages; of these, upwards of forty form the first part, and carry the heading, "The Warning of Russia's Evils," and all the rest of them are devoted, as Part II, to "Possible Contributions to Human Welfare." That is to say that the author gives to what he regards as the virtues of the Soviet system seven times the space allotted to what he considers its vices!

This astounding disproportion is enough to tell anyone who is really well informed about the state of things within the Soviet Union to-day what is the precise value to be attached to the book. Yet Dr. Eddy ought to know something of Russia. He has visited that strange land ten times.

In its original form this book was the sixth of the series of Merttens' Peace Lectures, and Dr. Eddy pleads that he was limited to "What Can We Learn from the Soviet?" Well and good. But the trouble is that, prompted by his Socialist sympathies, he produces a highly exaggerated account of the alleged benefits of Bolshevism, and deals altogether insufficiently with the horror of horrors Soviet Russia really is—thus holding, in the old phrase, a candle to the Devil. R.M.

E.D.

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Joyous Adventure

Story of an Explorer's Secretary

SOME two years Mr. Michael Hedges was exploring the Bay Islands off the coast of Honduras in search of ethnological specimens for the British Museum and the Museum of the American Indian Heye Foundation of New York. He was accompanied by his Secretary, Miss Jane Harvey Houlson, who, one gathers from her book just published ("Blue Blaze," Duckworth, 12s. 6d.), had already been in his employ for twelve years previous to this expedition.

She tells us she had travelled some 80,000 miles with him into strange and remote corners of the world, up mysterious winding rivers, through brooding jungle and across sun-scorched lands, exploring places where "the voice of the world does not penetrate."

She was, therefore, inured to hardship and prepared for any dangers she might have to face in the company of an explorer who appears to revel in "hair-raising scrapes."

Her book is in no sense intended to be a record of the important discoveries made by Mr. Hedges; it is rather a chronicle of personal experiences. And a very lively and vivacious chronicle it is, revealing, among other things, how far Mr. Hedges' Secretary had broadened her outlook since the time she first met her employer and was "unutterably shocked" by his use of such expressions as "My God" and "damn."

"A Stinging Comedy"

Here is a sample:—

We had returned from the excavations late one afternoon and my Chief, after the regular tick-hunt, was changing in the cabin (of the 45 ton motor launch *Amigo*). After a while I called out: "Are you respectable? I want to come down." "Come on," he answered and I went down the companion just as he was fastening his leather belt. Suddenly I was petrified by a wild shout. The next thing he was tearing at his belt; down came his breeches—he leapt out of them while I stared in amazement.

"Stamp on it—kill it," he yelled. "I've got bare feet." "Stamp on what?" I exclaimed. A volley of abusive language followed, to which I listened uncomprehending until I saw the unhappy man grasping his stern with an expression of agony upon his face. "Scorpion," he cried. At that moment I spied a big black fellow running for cover; down came my top-boot, squashing the creature flat.

"Really! A nice thing when you call me down here and then—I call it indecent! Did he get you?" I added anxiously and superfluously. "Get me?" A burst of profanity poured forth. "What d'you think he did—kiss me? Oh, my God!" He writhed. "Instead of standing there laughing, see if it's left its sting in." He turned his naked rear toward me. After a few minutes: "Anything else you'd like a well-trained Secretary to do for you?" I inquired politely—and fled.

The Captain of the *Amigo* was an American who had lived, she tells us, a colourful and adventurous life in many tropic regions and "a finer man was never born." The three members of the crew were one and all also "men," to whom "the sanctity of human life under certain conditions meant nothing," but who nonetheless were by nature courteous and chivalrous. In a word,

the right company for an expedition involving all kinds of exciting adventure.

Druids and Buccaneers

The expedition's most important discoveries were made on the island of Bonacca, where the site of a city or religious centre of remote antiquity was found.

Here, in a far corner of Central America, was a replica of the Druidical stone formations seen in Cornwall, particularly the circle known as the "Merry Maidens" near Penzance. But . . . the monolithic stones in Cornwall are in a far better state of preservation; in fact, they appear modern when compared with the stones found on this site in the *Islas Bahía*.

The town of Bonacca, Miss Houlson says, is built half a mile from the island on two flat coral-sand patches with a sand-bank between, over which the water flows to a depth of two or three feet. The fact that the houses are erected over the sea disposes of the sewage problem. The site was selected because the island proper is almost uninhabitable, owing to plagues of mosquitoes, sand-flies, ticks and a host of other insects. And the inhabitants are, Miss Houlson affirms, the descendants of the old buccaneers and of the high-born Spanish ladies carried off by Morgan and his companions after the sack of Panama and Porto Bello. They have light skins, speak English and have English names.

Sir Henry Lunn's Log

A RECORD of a voyage that has already lasted seventy-four years over the sea of life, through smooth waters and rough, is thoughtfully, and happily, recapitulated in Sir Henry S. Lunn's "Nearing Harbour" (Ivor Nicholson & Watson, 10s. 6d.), to which he gives the sub-title "The Log of Sir Henry S. Lunn."

Many books from his pen have appeared since his first volume in 1890, but he still has much to tell that is new. Revelations of many episodes behind the scenes in politics, notably in the Liberal camp, are interesting; stories of a variety of distinguished people show the wide extent of his contacts. One tells how King Edward, in arranging for the entertainment of Sir Henry and some German burgomasters whom he had brought to England, was determined "not to be outdone by his nephew."

Sir Henry reveals himself as a personality combining characteristics of remarkable contrast; his idealistic and practical attributes are equally clearly defined. But nothing has ever induced him to waver in his ideals; his great efforts for reunion in the church have never faltered. From his early days, when he foresaw the possibilities of lawn tennis as a popular pastime, and established a business to supply the needs of the player, he has known little rest.

Methodist medical missionary, editor of "The Review of the Churches," founder of a great travel organisation, and a persistent worker in the cause of international amity—these are some of the occupations of this active voyager, who is able to publish many letters and speeches of appreciation, of which he is justly proud.

A.D.

Australia's Empty Spaces

Emus, Cats and Rabbits

IN 1932, Sir John Kirwan, President of the Legislative Council of Western Australia, accompanied the then Minister of Lands on a 4,000 miles tour through the vast, sparsely settled areas in the North-West and North of that State. He now gives us an account of that tour in "An Empty Land" (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 15s.).

It is anything but a dreary record. Sir John has the double faculty of being interested in all he sees and of being able to make his reader share his interest. His story covers not only a vast amount of territory, but also an immense variety of topics, from rabbits and emus, alligators, whales and turtles to aborigines, gold-mining and politics.

As to the future of the "empty land" he visited, his conclusion is:

"With the trend of trade towards Empire, chartered companies operating there on right lines and provided with sufficient capital could not fail to return substantial profits to shareholders whilst doing great public service for the Empire and Australia in utilising and helping to people a great empty land—one of the last of the world's fertile spaces that remain to be filled."

Emus to Western Australia apparently have been almost as much of a pest as rabbits. Sir John tells us of the "machine-gun war" against these big birds and of the farmers' opinion that the emus were the victors. So far as Western Australia is concerned, they are far from becoming extinct.

The first step taken by the West Australian

Government to check the rabbit invasion was to send large numbers of cats to the border and release them there.

The cats were not effective. It was reported on good authority that the cats and the rabbits had settled their lifelong animosity and agreed to live together in amity. They were found sharing the same burrows. Clearly their behaviour was traitorous, though Ministerial supporters asserted that they fed on baby rabbits. On and on the rabbits travelled.

Poison, rabbit-proof netting of paddocks and other means have fortunately proved more effective than the cats in keeping down the pest.

Among the many amusing stories with which Sir John peppers his pages is one told by a colleague against himself. He was Minister of Health and was informed that the Deaf and Dumb Asylum was under his charge, that it was his duty to attend a dance arranged by the inmates, and that as he didn't know the deaf and dumb language, all that he need do was to walk up to the lady he wished to dance with, bow and present his arm.

"At the ball I walked up to the prettiest-looking girl, said nothing, bowed and she took my arm. She danced beautifully and I enjoyed myself. When it was finished we sat down. I smiled at her and she smiled back and appeared tickled to death. The band played the music for another dance. I got up, offered my arm and we had a delightful waltz. We finished and a young man, evidently greatly troubled, came rushing up and said, 'I'm sorry, Alice, I'm late, my motorcycle broke down.' 'I've heard that before,' she sharply replied 'I've just had two dances with this poor dummy and he cannot dance for sour apples.'"

Altogether a most entertaining book.

British Merchant Seamen's WIDOWS

IF you feel for the widows of the men who served long years at sea, and who, in many cases, lost their lives through its perils, the Royal Alfred Seamen's Institution will gladly and gratefully act as your honorary almoner.

It has been the Society's privilege to act in such a capacity in the relief of 1,449 seamen's widows. The husband of one of them was torpedoed no less than seven times during the Great War! Amongst the present 300 widow beneficiaries there is one who lost her husband and four sons in the wreck of one ship

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The Ceylon Experiment

IN "Britain's Folly: the Lesson of Ceylon" (Hurst & Blackett 5/-) Mr. J. G. Wall lays stress on the evil consequences of Britain's political experiment in Ceylon—the squandermania of the Ceylon Government, their budget-juggling, their tariff system which has severely hit British trade and encouraged that of Japan, the insolent baiting of the Governor, the State Council's unscrupulous efforts to undermine the financial credit of the island, the growing estrangement between the members of the Services and the State Council, the increasing tendency towards inefficiency wherever the politicians' influence counts. "In a short time," says Mr. Wall, "the Island will have no section of the Police Force upon which implicit reliance can be placed in times of racial or religious uproar. This policy is said to be in the interests of economy; it may be, however, that it is yet another example of the Ceylonese politicians' determination to oust the British from the Island." Lord Rothermere, who contributes a preface to Mr. Wall's book, points out that "self-government has been going on for over two years in Ceylon. It is a manifest and complete failure. Let those who are pressing for a premature grant of Dominion status to India read this book and then ask themselves: Is it worth the risk?"

Record of the Tests

CRICKETERS will welcome the admirable little book "The Story of the Tests in England, 1880-1933" (Hutchinsons, 1/-, illustrated) by Mr. Cecil Kent. It contains full information about all the Australian tours in England, a chapter on the "two B's" (body-line and barracking), another on the great W.G. in the Tests, and tables showing the leading batsmen and bowlers, principal fast bowlers, great hitters and fast scoring feats, the most successful wicket-keepers and catch champions.

Africa's Spell

THE reader of "Wood and Iron" by the time he or she has reached the middle of it will be beginning to wonder whether this is a novel rather than what it professes to be—a mother's account, written up from material extracted by her from her dead son's diary of his life in Africa before he was killed in Central Africa fighting for his country in the Great War. No author's name is attached to the book, which is published by Messrs. Hutchinson at 8/6, but the title page bears the inscription "written in memory of H.U.C." It begins quite straightforwardly with an explanation as to how it came to be written and the first few chapters introduce us to the son's plantation and tell us of his work there and of the African chant that gives the book its title—"Wood and Iron, we, the black men, are iron, the white men are wood." Then suddenly we are switched on to the love interest and the son's somewhat unhealthy attraction for the wraith of a woman who had died on this plantation before he had come to it—a weird twist, which all the author's literary skill cannot make wholly satisfying to her reader. Still the book has undoubted charm, not so much for the story it tells as for the haunting beauty of its language.

A Book on Dogs

A DOG-BOOK that is a mine of information which is as simple as it is sound deserves special mention, and "The Tale of your Dog," by Major Mitford Brice (Heinemann, 5/-), is emphatically one which should have its place on the bookshelves of every dog owner, while the amateur dog-breeder will find it an almost indispensable guide on "what to do and how to do it." Major Brice does not take it for granted that his readers are already aware of the elementary facts and requirements that govern a dog's well-being; he begins at the beginning, and only asks that the dog-owner shall possess the same understanding affection and tolerance that he expects to receive from his pet.

Medical Wisdom

ALBERT KRECKE was a surgeon with a great reputation in Germany and the book compiled from the various contributions he made in his lifetime to medical journals has already passed into its second edition in Germany. This has now been translated by Miss Margaret M. Green and is published by Messrs. Kegan Paul at 10/6 under the title "The Doctor and His Patients." It reveals the very human side of a great physician and surgeon, and layman and doctor alike will find much to interest them in the very shrewd and kindly commentary on certain general aspects of the medical profession's work. Here are some of the topics dealt with: Confidence in the treatment of patients; what should the patient be told about the nature, cause and duration of his illness; the psychological treatment of cancer patients and the fear of cancer; collusion between doctors in recommending an operation; the visual examination of patients.

More Sydney Horler

HAVING given his "millions" of readers one racy autobiography, Mr. Sydney Horler has felt impelled to give them another self-revelation on the pretext that this new book "Strictly Personal," an Indiscreet Diary" (Hutchinsons, 10/6) is really written for his own personal satisfaction to get the better of the anaemic newspapers who have refused to print his provocative communications to them. It is, he claims, a truly "Horlerian commentary on some aspects and sidelights of this astonishingly interesting and cock-eyed world" and "the faithful Horler enthusiasts will, I fancy, hug it to their loyal breasts." Mr. Horler may be presumed to know his readers' tastes and how far they are prepared to go in their worship of the Horlerian ego. To the critic who is not influenced by such Horlerian bias this new book may appear to be a somewhat uneven production. There are good things in it and things that are frankly bad. Nonsense still is nonsense even if clothed in provocative language. However, one must be fair to Mr. Horler: there is more commonsense than silly comment in his latest book.

Greek Literature from Homer to Lucian

PROFESSOR H. J. ROSE, Professor of Greek at St. Andrews University, has now done for ancient Greek literature what he had already accomplished for Greek mythology; in other words he has surveyed the whole field in a handbook of moderate size, yet large enough to admit of full justice being done to the subject. His "Handbook of Greek Literature" (Methuen, 21/-), with bibliography and index, runs to no more than 454 pages, yet it deals thoroughly with the more important authors and quite adequately with the lesser ones, Professor Rose resorting to smaller type for the latter and for such technical comments as presuppose in his reader some little acquaintance with Greek literature and language. Still further details as to chronology and as to such matters as the genuineness of a work assigned to a particular author, intended as they are for the specialist and advanced student, are consigned to numerous footnotes. By these means he has managed to cater for every class of person likely to be drawn to his book, and he is assuredly to be congratulated on his achievement.

An Earnest Book

IN an epoch whose literature has touched the whole gamut of cynicism, it is comforting to turn to an earnest and scholarly book like Dr. A. C. Bouquet's "The Doctrine of God" (W. Heffer & Sons, 5/-). His examinations of the problems of pain and suffering, in man and in nature, of the omnipotence of God, of school and church and the training of the young are as invasive as they are lucid.

Sleuths

By Richard Keverne

Insurance Fraud Problems

One impression left upon me by Ronald A. Knox's "Still Dead" (Hodder & Stoughton, 7/6) is that the author thoroughly enjoyed writing it. I can imagine Father Knox laughing heartily as he thought of yet another red herring to drag across the trail, and chuckling as he recalled what really was going to happen in the end and what a grand idea he had thought of, and altogether having no end of a good time over the story.

A second impression is that the chase would have been none the less exciting if some of those red herrings had not been used. The idea is quite good enough to puzzle the ordinary reader without dragging in irrelevances.

The case is one of Insurance fraud and again that entertaining investigator Miles Bredon plays the part of detective. This is an academic crime-problem story, rather than a thriller, written in Father Knox's characteristic good style.

* * *

New York in Prohibition Days

Mr. Sinclair Lewis is quoted as saying that "The Thin Man" by Dashiell Hammett (Barker, 7/6) is the most breathless of all of Mr. Hammett's detective stories. I haven't read any of the others, so I don't know, but I would hardly call "The Thin Man" breathless.

A queer story and a good one, if you like, with a well concealed kick at the end. But—oh dear me! What a bunch! This I may say is an American story. Not your crude gangster stuff, but, assumedly, a studied picture of normal New York life in Prohibition times. And gosh! How they could put it away! Hero, heroine and all their pals admitted to being drunk most of the time. Perhaps that is why such extraordinary happenings came to the Thin Man and his family. Perhaps Mr. Sinclair Lewis meant that they didn't wait to take breath between the drinks. I think he must have done.

Still, it's a clever story of nasty though quite respectable people, who are prepared to do murders in between drinks, and sometimes do. And there is Gilbert, the Thin Man's son. You must meet Gilbert. The book is worth reading for him alone.

* * *

Murder Galore

"Another Crime" is an entirely inadequate title for Charles Rushton's latest book published by Herbert Jenkins at 7/6. "Dozens more Crimes" would more aptly fit the story, for there seems to be a murder in every other chapter. I lost count at about seven, though I read on eagerly waiting for the next victim.

For this is a good, straightforward thriller with a super-villain and a human detective, and if the wildest and most improbable things do happen, the author's skill is such that you don't query them while you are reading his story. So if you want to pass a pleasant hour or so in the company of the most callous of blackmailers and learn how Inspector Irons got him in the end, find a comfortable chair and read this book.

* * *

The Missing Jeweller

When a rich jeweller is unaccountably missing and that experienced writer Mr. J. S. Fletcher is telling one of his stories about him, you may be sure that big things are going to happen. I was, and I was not disappointed.

Of course things, as they turned out, were not a bit what they seemed to be. But that is part of Mr. Fletcher's art, so well displayed in "Murder of the Secret Agent" (Harrap, 7/6).

I liked this story because I was allowed to take part in the chase for the criminals, and not merely made to read questions put by super-detectives and answers made by sub-witnesses.

This is another Ronald Camberwell story, and a good one.

Notes from a Musical Diary

By Herbert Hughes

TO promote the understanding and friendship between nations through the national interest of folk-dance: it is a gallant phrase that suggests a tremendous faith in nations so seriously contemplating the science and art of self-protection. The gallantry is in the project of the big International Folk Dance Festival which is to take place in London in July of next year, the faith in the conviction that chronic disarmament conferences will not preclude all the nations of Europe from sending their representative teams of dancers to take part in something much happier than talk of guns and ammunition. Each of the European Governments is to be invited to co-operate in the festival; the learned societies of each country are to be approached, and it is hoped that the whole thing will be under the aegis of the Commission Internationale des Arts Populaires, an organisation that corresponds to the British National Committee on Folk Arts. Here contact would be established with the League of Nations.

Ardent Spirits

Such a scheme has never been attempted before, to my knowledge, and one can only hope that the ardent spirits of the English Folk Dance and Song Society who are behind it with a representative and influential committee will find cross-Channel co-operation and enthusiasm as keen as their own. A six-day Festival of folk-dances, with expert performers from every corner of Europe, taking part in open-air and indoor demonstrations, illustrating in their various ways the survival and revival of traditional dances with their proper musical accompaniment, on pipe and tabor, *binou* or *accordeon*, should be an experience of great human and historical interest. There can be little danger of such a venture being of interest only to the pedant or the highbrow if its appeal is widely enough spread. It is the wide spreading of it that matters, and the name of Lord Tyrell as honorary treasurer in the formal public appeal for funds through the Press gives character and strength to it. The headquarters at Cecil Sharp House, Regent's Park Road, are already buzzing with practical discussions.



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FROM ALL STATIONERS

Theatre Notes

By Russell Gregory

Little Theatre.

"The Little Man"

By John Galsworthy.

"Village Wooing"

By Bernard Shaw

IT is always a trifle embarrassing to watch elderly gentlemen playing at bears for the amusement of their younger relatives, not so much because it involves a certain lack of dignity on the part of the jovial uncles as because the children themselves are so obviously pretending to enjoy the frolic. I felt very like a shy interloper at the Little Theatre.

Neither "The Little Man" nor "Village Wooing" is worth public presentation. They are indiscretions which should be mercifully forgotten. Every character in Galsworthy's trivial sketch is overdrawn and most of them were over-acted. No doubt typhus is a frightfully amusing topic on which to build a farce, but the delicate humour of the central situation eluded me. Andrew Leigh and Finlay Currie were as good as the author allowed them to be, so let us be kind and leave it at that.

Shaw's "Village Wooing" is quite incredibly stupid. It says a lot for Dame Sybil Thorndike's enthusiasms that she risked her reputation by appearing in such a farrago of nonsense. The plot is not worth describing and the dialogue would disgrace a child of twelve.

Mr. Arthur Wontner strove successfully against the author and a preposterous make-up, and the audience should be congratulated on the manful way in which it guffawed at every available opportunity.

Open Air Theatre.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Shakespeare

Shakespeare, Mendelssohn and a summer evening in Regent's Park! What more could the most captious of critics desire? Perhaps I do not subscribe to the modern theory that Oberon should be played by a woman—sweetly as Miss Phyllis Neilson Terry sang "I know a Bank." Perhaps the rustics were a little slow-moving for my taste. But there is no doubt that it was a real fairyland into which the four lovers strayed, and though I have seen Mr. Leslie French in many Shakespearean roles, I have never heard him utter such dulcet and harmonious breath. The effect of these open-air performances is intoxicating, and, disdaining the services of a No. 53 'bus, I sang and danced it trippingly all the way home.

Embassy Theatre. "Juno and the Paycock."

By Sean O'Casey

Sean O'Casey's play has had a successful run in London, so it would be an impertinence on my part to criticise it merely as a play. It will, however, ease my conscience to place on record the fact that, in my opinion, it is very good fun for

two acts and falls to pieces in the last act. Any play which starts off as a comedy, jumps suddenly into tragedy, and ends up in a second-rate farce, gives me no real pleasure. "Juno and the Paycock" is so nearly a good play that it is distressing to have to say that it is a bad one.

Maire O'Neill gave a really exquisite performance as "Juno" Boyle, and Fred O'Donovan was as darling a blackguard as one could wish. I yield to no one in my admiration of Arthur Sinclair as an actor, but somehow I found myself studying his technique rather than appreciating his performance. Perhaps it was the mixture of comedy, tragedy, pathos, religion and politics which disturbed my judgment. I do not know. But at least I do know that Maire O'Neill is a very fine actress.

Embassy Theatre.

"The Roof."

By John Galsworthy

Unless I could trust my own eyes, I could not have believed that this play was written by the author of "The Skin Game" and "The Forest." I had always thought up to now that Galsworthy could not write a bad play. I was wrong.

As for the plot, it appears that there was a fire at a hotel in Paris and everybody had to take to the roof. The people affected by this mishap were the faithful waiter, a few drunks, some typical stage children and a preposterous elderly couple. John Galsworthy wrote some very great plays, but "The Roof," is not one of them. If we are to have revivals at the Embassy, let us at least revive the best works of our recognised dramatists and not their obiter dicta.

The Arts Theatre Club

"Colonel Wotherspoon"

By James Bridie

It would be a great pity if James Bridie were allowed to set a new fashion in play titles. The Sleeping Clergyman was a mere symbol in the play of that name, and Colonel Wotherspoon in the play under review is a sleeping partner. For some thousand years or so it has been the practice of playwrights and authors to think of an apposite title for their compositions. "Hamlet" and "Othello" were so called because people of that name were the central characters in the play presented. "Colonel Wotherspoon" is on a par with "Mrs. 'Arris," and Tom Perry in Mr. Bridie's play was, as a result, an emasculated Sarey Gamp. Mr. Bridie would probably be very angry with me if I suggested that in creating the purely symbolistic Colonel Wotherspoon he was confusing the functions of the Greek chorus and the *deus ex machina*.

In any case, the play ended after the second act. What the third act was doing there only Mr. Bridie and Colonel Wotherspoon know.

In the circumstances it was more or less inevitable that Jean Cadell and Julian d'Albie should give us caricatures instead of character studies, and all praise should be given to Barry K. Barnes, Molly Rankin and Betty Hardy for preserving their own and our sanity amid a welter of oh! so clever symbolism.

Correspondence

Undoing the Work of Centuries

SIR,—The recent refusal of the House of Commons to censure in any way Sir Samuel Hoare shows the consistency of that body. Three men who gave their life's work to building up and preserving the Indian Empire, and to providing the Indian natives with peace, justice, and security, were all censured by the House of Commons. I mean Clive, Hastings, and Dyer.

It is therefore only to be expected that the man who is doing his best to undo the work of those three men should be approved in his efforts by the House of Commons.

South Lodge,

Cobham, Surrey.

J. A. TASSIE.

Praise from Canada

SIR,—The recent issues of *The Saturday Review* are certainly of sufficient interest to make me anxious to continue to receive it. I can ill afford the outlay, as I reside and farm in the most depressed area in Canada. Nearly everyone here is 'on relief.' At the same time your proprietor is doing such a wonderful work of public-spirited patriotism that I feel it is up to those who love England to give her all the support in their power. Over and above that, some of your articles might have been especially selected for my special edification. For example, the article on Sir Roger Keyes. His brother was my captain in the "hinterland" of Northern Nigeria, when he was murdered by French outlaws in 1901, under tragic and dramatic circumstances.

Your article on the brutal treatment of prisoners in Eastern Canada does not surprise me. Little things like that often leak out. Oh Canada! Land of the Free. Oh yes. But *The Saturday Review* would be instantly suppressed, if it did in Canada what it is doing in England.

Yours enthusiastically,

M. LEETHMAN-JOHNSON.

Constance, Saskatchewan.

The Voice in the Wilderness

SIR,—The Bishop of Birmingham has been responsible for many strange utterances but none more far fetched than that at the National Peace Congress at Birmingham last Sunday. What a generous man is Dr. Barnes! Not only is he prepared to restore to Germany her Colonies which were placed under British rule but he is prepared to make England open house for any invader who cares to walk in. If his policy of universal disarmament failed, he said, he would have England disarm on her own and for her safety trust to a policy of international righteousness and of co-operation with other nations. Having seen considerable active service long before I was out of my 'teens I am not anxious to repeat the dose. No sane man or woman wants war but we shall certainly get it if we are not well prepared. It is a comfort to know that papers like *The Saturday Review* are doing all in their power to bring this "National" Government to its senses in the realisation of our position. A good protection for a house is a well trained watch-dog and no sensible Briton will begrudge the expense incurred in training a national watchdog in the shape of our Navy, Army, and Air Force to protect that which the blood of past generations has been spilled to possess.

S. D. RAWDER.

Thornton Heath, Surrey.

Heading for Ruin

SIR,—I am an old Tory and agree with your views entirely. Lady Houston is always invigorating and refreshing. From the experience of the views of my friends in and around this old-world village, and from the very large numbers of people I talk to, I firmly believe that the Tory Party will have the surprise of their life at the next election if they do not pull themselves away from their present bad associates; in other words, we shall refrain from voting, for we might just as well record our votes for a Socialist as for Baldwin. He is heading the Party to destruction.

T. L. MARSDEN.

Prestbury, Cheshire.

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Quieter Stock Markets

The German Debt Bluff

[By Our City Editor]

THE natural reaction in Stock Markets which might have been expected with the arrival of the full summer season has, in fact, set in and the volume of business in securities is less than for many months past. Nor can one visualise much revival in activity pending the autumn unless some great stimulus is given by a turn in international events. A revival of cheerfulness and activity on Wall street would quickly impart a fresh impetus to the London market but, though this is overdue, there seems no probability of the New York market overcoming the depressing effects of her politicians' efforts to curb all activity on Wall Street and London can no longer look hopefully across the Atlantic for a lead—she must supply it herself.

This is a good thing, for London is a far more reliable financial centre than any other, and far more fitted to lead international opinion than New York where speculative activity is not governed by such sound financial practice as exists on the London Stock Exchange. Meanwhile, conditions so far as home trade is concerned, continue most satisfactory, so that the reaction in industrial shares must be regarded as only temporary. Gilt-edged stocks have enjoyed a fresh rise on continued evidence of cheap money and new issues, even if they appear to be fully-priced, are snapped up by the investor on the look-out for any possible chance of an increase in income. There are obviously sufficient funds available to finance British trade cheaply for some years to come.

The German Debt

While applauding the Government's efforts to call the German bluff on the question of default on the Young and Dawes loans, the City is fully aware of the difficulties which can be put in the way of making an Exchange Clearing effective. Trade with Germany may easily be diverted through Dutch channels making the Clearing system most difficult to work. At the same time Dr. Schacht's threat to end trade with Britain seems suicidal from the German point of view and doubtless was made only to uphold the Hitler tradition which has been paling rather of late. The amount of the Young and Dawes loans with which this country is concerned is only about £20,000,000, so that the interest is hardly large enough to cause the stoppage of Anglo-German trade. For the rest, the establishment of an Exchange Clearing may help to free to some extent the German

Exchange tangle, for, though the Reichsmark is nominally kept at par, there are restrictive measures against all those who would attempt to export goods to Germany.

Beechams Pills Profits

Beechams Pills Ltd. report a net profit from the pill business and from interest etc., of £264,343, an increase of some £16,000 compared with the previous year, and £30,000 is transferred to a reserve for development of new products by subsidiaries. The 8 per cent. cumulative participating preferred dividend requires £105,702 and these shares also receive an additional 2 per cent. by way of participation. The deferred dividend is raised from 12½ per cent. to 15 per cent., and they are also to receive a 2½ per cent. bonus, making total payments of 22½ per cent. for the year against 17½ per cent. for the previous year—an amount of £54,297 being carried forward compared with £66,660 a year ago. Despite the increase in profits the directors express their disappointment that the American and Canadian businesses have failed to respond to advertising, and doubtless when this difficulty is overcome the parent company will reap the reward of its enterprise in the form of good dividends from these subsidiaries. The deferred shares are at present of 1s. nominal value and it is proposed to consolidate them into 5s. shares.

Barclay Perkins Recovery

Since the remission of the excessive taxation on beer imposed by the supplementary budget in 1931, most of the brewery companies have experienced a good recovery in profits, and Barclay, Perkins and Co., which controls Style and Winch, is no exception to this rule. Profits for the past year were £327,137 compared with £272,988 for 1932-33; these including a larger dividend from the company's Style and Winch shares than in the previous year. Barclay Perkins' position is also strengthened by the declaration by Style and Winch of a bonus amounting to £100,000, for this amount has been placed to contingency reserve. The ordinary dividend which was reduced to 6 per cent. last year is restored to 8 per cent., leaving the amount carried forward nearly £3,000 higher, at £57,652. The balance sheet shows a thoroughly liquid position. At their present price Barclay Perkins ordinary yield £4 4s. 3d. per cent.

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The Cinema

The Old Firm

By Mark Forrest

NOT so long ago I was given to understand that Janet Gaynor is the most popular film actress in the world. By that I mean that not only is she supreme when her total number of admirers are added together, but that she heads the list in every single country. If this is true, and I have no reason to disbelieve it, it is a remarkable fact. What I don't understand is why. The uninitiated may have thought that Greta Garbo was the world's idol, or perhaps Joan Crawford, or Norma Shearer, or one of half a dozen others, but these lights apparently shine dimly when Janet Gaynor's beam is abroad. Janet Gaynor is a small person with red hair and large eyes whose voice has a slight lisp and whose accent is not overpoweringly American. She plays parts which are variations on the Cinderella theme and to play Prince Charming there is generally Charles Farrell. Their new picture, "Change of Heart," is at the Capitol.

The Story

Four students are leaving their university to try and make their way in the world—they are played by Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell, James Dunn and Ginger Rogers. They are going out to look for jobs, but the exhortation of the principal, backed up by a "close up" of a stained glass window, refers to the search for the Holy Grail. What it all means unless the whole band of students are Parsifals in disguise I don't know—however, they are far from being that.

The quartette persuades their various parents to send them to New York; Janet Gaynor is, of course, an orphan, so she persuades James Dunn's people instead of her own; and on the aeroplane journey where some very good "shots" of the intervening country are shown, it is all made plain that Janet Gaynor is in love with Charles Farrell, Charles Farrell with Ginger Roberts and James Dunn with Janet Gaynor. The reasons for this extraordinary state of affairs are never given at all.

The first to get a job is Janet Gaynor who becomes a mother's help to an old lady who tries to get orphans adopted, and she is very sweet and nice about the whole business because she is an orphan herself. James Dunn then gets work with a broadcasting company and, having got it, proposes to Janet Gaynor, but she will have nothing to do with him—though she is very sweet and nice about that as well. Ginger Rogers, fed up with life in the lodging house, runs away from New York to marry a rich producer—in the hope perhaps that as his wife he will be compelled to give her a part. Her elopement causes Charles Farrell to have brain fever, a piece of news which James Dunn considerably passes on to Janet Gaynor. She leaves off nursing babies to nurse him, and she is very sweet and nice about that too. Charles Farrell then sees "what a blind fool he has been," but so unfortunately does Ginger Rogers who writes, not to Charles Farrell, but to Janet Gaynor telling her that she has found out

her mistake "before it is too late," and that she is coming back to marry Charles Farrell. You recognise the kettle and the fish? But Janet Gaynor in her old clothes does not falter before Ginger Rogers in her latest creations. She shows Charles Farrell the letter and, knowing which side his bread is buttered, he marries her, preferring life in an attic to cocktails and crab meat in the Ritz Plazo. Ginger Rogers, nevertheless, is not finished with yet and she tries to get Charles Farrell away from his poor little wife. She doesn't succeed because, though Charles Farrell kisses her, he also is only being sweet and nice. So she has to marry James Dunn after all and what sort of life his is going to be nobody cares.

The only virile thing in the picture is James Dunn's performance. He has a good personality and delivers the few amusing lines with which the film is embroidered with point and precision. Janet Gaynor is Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell has to continue to be Prince Charming whether he likes it or not. The whole production resembles the pink medicine in the little bottle which the doctor orders, because when they have taken it everyone thinks they feel so much better. Take it and be happy!

Sydney Howard Again

Eddie Cantor's picture has finished its long run at the Leicester Square and is being replaced by two attractions, one of which is an American film, *Madame Spy*, featuring Fay Wray and Nils Asther, and the others is a British production entitled "It's A Cop." If there is one thing which Englishmen have in common it is the fact that they are always unanimous in laughing over jokes about mothers-in-law and policemen. The latter forms the basis of "It's A Cop" with Sydney Howard in the leading rôle. I have laughed at Sydney Howard often and shall do again, but I do not think he is versatile enough to shoulder the whole of the humour of a film, or for that matter of a play. For this reason, among others, "It's A Cop" is only funny in patches.

The story doesn't matter at all, since it is purely farcical, but what does matter in farce is the timing, and the invention of the comedian. Here the ludicrous situations do not follow slickly enough while Sydney Howard remains throughout too much on the same key. With funnier dialogue the latter fault would not be so noticeable, but his own genius has not been able to overcome the pooriness of the material. There are one or two uproarious moments, but there should be more of them.

With Sydney Howard is Dorothy Bouchier, as the young villainess, Donald Calthrop, as the unwilling victim, and Garry Marsh and Cyril Smith as the originators of the burglary which gets for Sydney Howard his Sergeant's stripes.

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Broadcasting Notes

By Alan Howland

ANYONE who has studied the workings of the B.B.C. for a number of years must be convinced by now that it is a very queer place indeed. There are so many illogicalities about its policy that it is sometimes impossible to discover what it is driving at, or indeed, if it is driving at anything at all. The anonymity question is one of the many which has puzzled me ever since I first entered the sedate portals of Savoy Hill as a very junior member of the staff. Announcers, for example, are anonymous and impersonal. Their names are never even whispered over the microphone. Yet if one inquires in writing from the Programme Correspondence Department the name of the announcer who put such feeling into the Fat Stock Prices, a courteous letter comes back divulging his name. In recent times, the senior announcer has even been interviewed and photographed. Yet they are still supposed to be wandering ethereal voices.

The identity of the officials of the Children's Hour is also wrapped in mystery. They are merely "Mary" or "Bella" or plain "George," to their vast audience. I myself strove blushing for five years to be worthy of the singularly inappropriate sobriquet of "Columbus." Again, on the occasions when the B.B.C. drops one of its heavier bricks from a higher altitude, than usual—that is to say, about three times a week—the only explanation available to the Press or the public, comes from "an official of the B.B.C." He may be one of those very high officials whose identity is concealed even from the rest of the staff, under an alphabetical designation, he may be the lift man or the studio cleaner. So long as nobody knows for certain who he is, the B.B.C. is satisfied at having preserved its aloofness.

One should not, I suppose, grudge the B.B.C. its fun and games provided there is no intention of misleading the public, but when this curious policy is stretched to include artists as well, it is a more serious matter. For years now the B.B.C. has encouraged certain artists to sing or act under more names than one. A baritone will use his own name when he is singing in a Bach Cantata, and a fictitious one when he is singing a group of songs in a Military Band programme. The famous soprano, Penelope Purbright, is allowed to assume her own identity while singing German lieder, but if she appears in a Variety programme, she becomes for one glorious moment, "Claire de Lune."

It would be unfair to blame the artists for these petty deceptions. It has long been the practice of certain singers to make gramophone records for different companies under different names, generally because they are trying to get round a barring clause in a contract. It is preposterous, however, that one and the same organisation should force singers to appear under an alias. I use the word "force" advisedly, since it has been suggested that it is the artists themselves who originated the idea. I know of three cases in particular, where a singer was offered an engagement a little out of his or her usual line, on the strict understanding that a fictitious name was adopted.

How the B.B.C. can hope to sustain its carefully publicised reputation for integrity, when it encourages these practices, is a question which only its own extremely elastic conscience can answer. Actually, these tactics rarely, if ever, deceive the public, which places them in the category of fun and games. It does not alter the fact that they are redundant.

The Saturday Review

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